NOTES BY MRS. E. LYNCH STAUNTON

PINCHER CREEK

Mrs. C. Lynch-Staunton,
~~Lethbridge~~, Alta. Pincher Creek.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

By

E. Lynch-Staunton.

In the everyday course of our lives, little do we Albertans realize the wealth of romance that surrounds us.

The romance of limitless ages; of time and tide; of prehistoric creatures; the upheavals of Nature that ~~builded~~ built our mountains, levelled our plains, raised our promontories and etched our river courses; of our forbears, the romantic and picturesque redman who roamed the plains in warring savagery or in that greatest of all sports, the hunt.

The romance of discovery; of trader and prospector; of the coming of law and order, and of the grand march of civilization.

Canada, though it may have been one of the last New Worlds to be discovered, yet it is, in part, of more ancient formation than some longer known regions, and Alberta particularly, has produced evidences of tremendous age, namely in the rock construction of the mountains, in her coal deposits, and in the fossils discovered.

Romance is truly everywhere about us. Nor is it a fictitious romance, but an enthralling tale founded on scientific facts and history that may supply us with engrossing study.

I. IN THE BEGINNING.

In considering the formation of this world of ours,

scientists talk glibly of eons of time. And our natural question is, what may an eon be?

The answer is, an eon is a period of time that may cover millions of years.

They also tell us:

For inconceivable eons of time our planet was lifeless;

The past of Life upon the earth is estimated roughly at about twelve hundred million years;

The past of Human Life is about one million years; of Civilized Life probably 6000 years at the most.

From the result of long scientific research, they tell us that millions and millions of years were required in the making of the land formation of the American continent, and of our own Alberta.

They tell us, that at least three million years have passed since the bones of the last dinosaur, such as those found in the fossil deposits of the valley of the Red Deer River and elsewhere in Alberta, became petrified.

Ages were required for the vast peat swamps after being submitted to tremendous pressure for long time, to go through the process of changing into ~~xxxx~~ the coal that is mined and used for fuel in our homes of today.

It took ages for the central plains, by means of a long-

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continued, base-levelling process, to become covered with soil and vegetation; for the mountains (the Rockies) to assume their present conformation and elevation; for the river courses to cut out chasms and form valleys; - beside which the growth of the tallest tree on the mountain slopes, is but a day!

In the beginning, millions of years ago, so many millions of years that it is wellnigh beyond our powers of comprehension, the great plains of the American continent were covered with a sea of salt water, - this section of Alberta probably forming a bay of that sea connected with the northern Pacific and Arctic oceans, fossils of molluscs having been found in the oldest rocks or shales, which give us proof of this condition.

Very slowly the land rose, the lower levels forming great flooded plains in which the lowest forms of shellfish, invertabrates, flourished. But as yet there was no vegetation.

The waters continued to recede, leaving low marshy land covered at length with moss on which molluscs might feed, and these marshes formed the great peat-beds which were time after time covered with layers of ocean mud and subjected to great pressure by the overlying oceans, until they eventually resulted in the coal-beds of Alberta.

There followed the continued rising of the land mass, and the forming of a conglomerate rock characteristic of this period which is known as the Cretaceous Period.

Great rivers of fresh water then drained the land and deposits were laid down on the flood plains. There were great ponded stretches of fresh water. Vegetation of almost tropical nature (as we find fossils of ferns, palms, cycads, cedars, sycamores, and fig trees) became dense and luxuriant, and oyster beds were hundreds of feet in depth.

It is in this age that the dinosauri of many different

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species, flourished, lived and died, and became extinct.

A summary of the Geological history of the American continent gives us:

(1) a long period of sedimentation with intervals of erosion.

(2) the Laramide Revolution, a great orogenic movement which folded and faulted all rocks, when our mountains attained their present heights, and the foothills, rocky spurs and ridges, were formed.

(3) errosion, accompanying and following the deformation caused by the Laramidial upheaval.

(4) continental uplift and warping, followed by

(5) errosion and local base-levelling,

(6) renewed continental uplift,

(7) invasion of the entire region by continental ice-sheets from the east, and by glaciers from the mountains, which constituted the Glacial Age.

The Glacial Age was followed by an Inter-glacial Age, when the great plains became covered with alluvial soil on which grass could grow, and the rivers cutting through the plains formed plateaus and valleys.

The lakes were formed and filled at this time, their basins being scooped out by the wash of rocks and boulders and masses of ice as glaciers swept down from the mountains to meet the encroaching ice-field of the plains, an unevenly spaced line of huge boulders deposited on the plains definitely marking the line of convergence.

And so after a period of inconceivable time, the land formation of Alberta was laid down, and prepared for supporting the existence of Life, human as well as animal.

Mrs. C. Lynch-Staunton,

~~Lundbreck~~, Alta.

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THE ROMANTIC STORY OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

By E. Lynch-Staunton,

II. LAND FORMS.

The Southern portion of Alberta was during the Glacial and Interglacial Ages covered heavily with glacial drift which effectively masks its pre-glacial character.

All strata, it is believed, were laid before the great upheaval of the Laramide Revolution when the whole region was folded and faulted, oldest deposits being found on the tops of hills in flat-topped sandstones and conglomerates, three to six thousand feet above their former beds.

The mountains themselves were formed by lower rocks being tip-tilted and in some cases actually over-turned with the earliest formations being raised to the summits and the latest lying at their bases.

Rocky spurs were thrown out on the plains, forming the foot-hills and incidental ridges.

U-shaped valleys were formed by water-courses being dammed by ice and glacial drift and forced to seek new channels.

Hanging Valleys were left at higher elevations, where their rock foundations resisted the devasting forces of ice and rocks and were not broken and erroded by flood-waters, but instead, the waters draining them fell in cataracts and falls.

Lake basins were scooped and hollowed out of shattered beds of rocks and filled by glacial waters or by springs of water, fresh or in some cases salty, forced up through the crevices of the rock. In some instances we have mineral springs.

A great tidal wave must have at some remote age swept up

over the land, and receeding left near sea-level, depositions which later became fossilized, of (1) dinosaurs and land-inhabiting reptiles, (2) numerous plant remains, of which impressions of leaves, stems and rootlets are found, (3) coal beds, (4) bivalves that live only in fresh water with currents, (5) ripple marks, (6) shales in regular thick beds that suggest rapid deposition, (7) angular sandstones and depositions by rivers.

During the Ice Age, and following the elevation of the continent, the climate became very cold. Ice deployed into the valleys, deepening them, and spread sediment over the plains leaving them more or less level.

Thus, when the Cretaceous Age and the Glacial Age had passed away, there were left the mountains, rocky spurs, hills and valleys, the great plains with basins of water forming lakes, and rivers cutting through and draining the eastern sloping watershed of the Rocky Mountains, which watercourses supply us with most information as to the formation of our country, or the geological history of it.

The earliest exploration of the geological formation of Alberta was made by Dr. Hector and Captain Blakiston of the Palliser Expedition of 1857 - 1860.

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THE ROMANTIC STORY OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

By E. Lynch-Staunton.

III. THE BAD LANDS YIELD THEIR SECRETS.

The broken, eroded, rocky banks which are characteristic of many of our rivers, are known as Bad Lands. They often extend a mile or more on either side of the river, and to a depth of some hundred feet below the level of the prairie.

They are found chiefly along the Old Man River, the Milk River, the South Saskatchewan, and the Red Deer River, producing most remarkable conformations and scenic effects noted for their grandeur and picturesqueness, as well as for the data that may be gathered from the geological strata disclosed as the waters of the rivers have cut their courses through the terrain. Coal has been found along most of these rivers, and beds rich in fossils.

In the bad lands of the Red Deer River there has been discovered , only as lately as 1912, the petrified skeletons of mammoth creatures, the dinosaur and others of its kind, which must have existed some millions of years ago.

The natural habitat of the dinosaur, the trachodon, and other ante-deluvian reptilian creatures, was the swamps and bayeaux of salt-water bodies; as well as the ponded stretches of fresh-water rivers running through the dense tropical forests of the Cretaceous Age. The forests consisted of cedars, sycamores, and fig trees. The low heavily-grassed swampy plains were covered with rushes and ferns, and horsetail grass that reached a height of twenty feet. This dense tropical growth was known as the Cretaceous Everglades. (Fossils of these plants have been found perfectly preserved in sandstone rocks as well as in coal.)

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The Trachodon, a creature thirty to fifty feet in length and twenty-five feet high (as proved by the skeletons found), was an herbivorous animal that fed upon the giant-high horsetail grass and branches of the trees of the great tropical forests.

The Gorgosaurus, known as the tiger of the Everglades, was carnivorous, feeding upon his fellow-creatures, or upon the immense oyster beds that abounded beneath the salt water.

What mighty battles were waged between these creatures may well be imagined, but what caused the total extermination of these tremendous animals may never be discovered. But at least, we know that they actually existed, though millions of years ago.

The Red Deer River flowing eastward from the Rocky Mountains across rolling prairie land and ridges of rock, has in the course of ages cut a great chasm four to five hundred feet deep and about two miles in width from lip to lip. The river flows like a coiling stream of quicksilver in the depths of the chasm, while the corroded sandstone banks on either side, form rocky mounds of most fantastic designs and colorings, carved and shaded by Nature's hand into pictures of unbelievable beauty. The rocks form columns and pillars often capped by flat spreading sandstones. They are cone-shaped and pinnacled and topped with turrets and minarets. In places there are the dim solemn aisles of a sky-domed cathedral with fluted organ pipes of rock ranging above. Inaccessible rocky shelves overhang hollowed out caves, or form a rocky stairway down which crystal waters cascade from perpetual springs. Or high up one finds a level stretch of dry glistening sands, a miniature desert, where water never lays but seeps as through a sieve. The coloring is beyond description. Here and there the rocky surfaces are dotted with vivid green sponge grass, blue lichens, and the orange and

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red of iron rust. The deep shadows lend purple tones of every degree. Dwarf cedar and rock pine cling at precarious angles, and in sheltered nooks grow at unattainable heights, while wild flowers of every variety imaginable, 'hold festive revellry from early spring to late autumn'.

The perpendicular cliffs that edge the prairie display interstratified layers of vari-colored rock, the grey and white of limestone interlaid with black, blue, ruddy brown and pink, with frequent traces of lignite and layers of fossilized shells.

At Dead Lodge Canyon (a relic of Indian history) on the Red Deer River, where the cliff banks are about a mile apart and the river runs through a gorge five hundred feet below the level of the prairie, the sensational discovery was made of the rich store of fossil remains of huge pre-historic animals, dinosauri of many species, also fossils of ferns and seaweeds, and horsetail grass, perfectly preserved.

They appear to be the flotsom and jetsom of some great tidal wave that piled them mountain high and covered them with ocean mud which actually effected their preservation throughout eons of time.

The deposits were found at a depth of about two hundred feet below the level of the prairie, embedded in ironstone concretions and greyish clay formed from great deposits of ocean mud that rendered them practically indestructible, and have preserved through long ages the absolute proof of a pre-historic Age.

Such are the Bad Lands of the Red Deer River.

Mrs. C. Lynch-Staunton,

~~Lundbreck~~, Alta.

IV

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

By

E. Lynch-Staunton.

IV. THE ANCIENT BED OF THE MILK RIVER.

Along the banks of the Milk River also, petrified bones of dinosaurs have been found, as well as fossild of palm leaves, poplars and plantains, and fresh water fish.

The Cretaceous ocean, the waters of which were brackish, spread over the great central plains. Layer upon layer of oyster shells were laid down. Gradually the scene changed. Great stretches of sponge moss and vegetation sank below the sea and were covered with ocean mud eventually to be compressed into coal, deposits being found along the Milk River as well as along the Old Man River at Coalbanks (Lethbridge), at Waterton, in the foothills west of Calgary and in the Crow's Nest Pass, showing that these localities were all a part of the great inland swamp.

Then again the land was lifted above high tide and fresh-water rivers draining the land spread out in shallow sheets over a region where grew such an abundance of vegetation as would support the life of these mammoth creatures, the dinosaurs, whose complete petrified remains have been found buried in the bedrock of the river.

Some time during the ages of the far distant past, the Milk River has forsaken its ancient bed and cut itself another course.

The scenery along the banks of the Milk River is magnificently picturesque, the rocks weathered into such fantastic shapes as urns and capped sandstones pillars. There ar

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IV. THE CYPRESS HILLS.

Thirty miles southwest of Medicine Hat is found a notable elevation known as the Cypress Hills. They rise 4800 feet above sea level and 2600 feet above the valley of the South Saskatchewan River. The western end of this elevation, known as Head of the Mountains, is the highest point and rises abruptly 600 feet above the plains.

The range extends eastward fifteen or twenty miles gradually sloping and merging into the plains. The summit is rounded and featureless and generally without trees but covered with rankly growing grass.

The western face is a rocky escarpment of picturesquely piled rocks, very steep and rugged, and of variously colored strata with pillars scored and grooved by glacial drift of an early age, and capped by ironstone and flat gravels. Higher up on the cliffs above the rocks, there is a heavy growth of spruce, tamarack and pines.

The plains in the vicinity of the Cypress Hills, so named, are plain, from the sombre-hued patches of forests growing on their sides and crests from a corruption of an Indian word, were the favorite winter-feeding grounds of the great herds of buffalo that roamed the plains, and as such were the great hunting-grounds of all the tribes of Indians as they united for the great winter hunt. They were also the great fighting-grounds of the tribes.

An outstanding mount of the Cypress Hills is Eagle Butte.

Elkwater Lake, the only comparatively large body of water in the vicinity, lies to the southward of the Cypress Hills.

The Cypress Trail crossed the plains to the eastward. It

II. MILK RIVER RIDGE.

The plains of Alberta, eastward of the foothills and distinct from them, are marked by a few elevations, e.g. the Porcupine Hills, the Milk River Ridge, the Cypress Hills, and slightly to the south of the International boundary, the Sweet Grass Hills.

The Milk River Ridge has an elevation of 4100 to 4200 feet above sea level, and slopes northward. It is covered with good grazing grass but has no trees. Numerous springs are to be found throughout the territory and the rolling surface is cut by several deep coulees, the chief of which are Chin, Etzikom, and and Verdigris coulees. The ridge ends to the eastward in the Police Buttes - so-named in Indian days.

The old Macleod-Ft. Benton trail of historical fame as it was the main route of entrance into Southern Alberta, crossed this ridge.

The Milk River, called Kennahsisnat by the Indians, flows south-eastward of Milk River Ridge. Sandstones of fantastic shape, conglomerate capped by huge flat stones, arm-shaped rocks and grooved boulders, are found along the river. They are known as Picture Rocks. There is found also Writing-on-stone, so-named from cabalistic Indian characters engraved on boulders.

To the eastward lies Lake Pakowki. The waters of this lake are of a greyish milky color and rather salty in flavor.

North of Milk River at a distance of but a few miles, the land lies at a lower level than the bed of the river. One arm of Lake Pakowki which extends within three and a half miles of Milk River, is nearly 100 feet lower than the bed of the river.

In 1874, Dr. Dawson who first examined this country, found the bed of the river completely dry in places.

III. THREE BUTTES OR SWEET GRASS HILLS.

The Sweet Grass Hills which are three in number, appear as isolated mountain peaks rising out of the level plains to a height of 3000 feet above them. They lie slightly to the south of the International boundary line but are visible for many miles to the northward. They are very picturesque in appearance, The highest mount is West Butte, which is 6480 feet in height.

These isolated mountain peaks are situated some forty miles from the Rocky Mountains. They flanked the old Macleod-Ft. Benton trail, serving as a landmark for the freighters for the early traders, as well as for the North West Mounted Police, and some of the first ranchers who came by way of the Missouri River.

Each of the three mountain peaks is surrounded by its own foothills. They are well wooded with pine and have many flowing springs, as well as being covered with good grass which during the spring, summer and autumn, presents a vari-colored array of wild flowers.

In 1874, Dr. Dawson, the eminent geologist, first visited these buttes. The surrounding country was formerly looked upon by the different Indian tribes as neutral ground for hunting the buffalo which were then very numerous. Later it became debatable territory amongst the Blackfeet, Peigans and Bloods on the west, the Sioux and Assiniboines on the east, and the Crows and other tribes of the upper Missouri, as was proved by Dr. Dawson's party finding the unburied bodies of twenty or more Crow Indians about ten miles north of the Middle Butte.

The half-breed hunters called these mounts, Montagnes du Coin de Couteur, from which they got the name of Sweet Grass Hills.

They abound with game of every description.

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Hanging Valleys - most unique and interesting foundations where the rock formation resisted the force and erosion of flood waters, and when the floods subsided, these valleys, often quite extensive and bordered by ridges of rock forming surrounding walls, were left high above the alluvial plains of the valleys below. Their water courses usually end in falls and cascades, as the Cameron Falls in Waterton Park, - the valley of Cameron Creek above the falls, geologists claim to be the most perfect example extant of a Hanging Valley. Other examples are the falls on the Crow's Nest River near Lundbreck, and on Cascade River at Banff.

Such lakes as Waterton Lake which lies in a natural rock basin; Pakowki Lake lying east of Milk River Ridge; and Elkwater Lake in the vicinity of the Cypress Hills; were formed at this time.

An Interglacial Period followed the Glacial Period when again glaciers swept down the sides of the mountains carrying boulder clay, erratics, and outwash gravels, by various water courses and valleys, and spreading them far out over the plains.

Sedimentation was very extensive at this time.

Also the Continental ice drift from the east spread again over the plains reaching as far as the Clark Range in the south, and high up on the Porcupine Hills.

These last glacial invasions contributed extensively to the present structural character of the country.

By a base-levelling process of rocks and boulders, supplemented by glacial accumulation and the sediment laid down, they formed the comparatively level plains. The lakes were formed and filled, valleys deepened and in some instances widened, and along the water courses, tiers of terraces were

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formed. There have been in all five distinct terraces laid, all of different character, Some of them are vast gravel beds as at Burmis and near Macleod. The highest of these terraces is on the Crow's Nest River at Lundbreck, which is two hundred feet above the river bed.

Mrs. C. Lynch-Staunton,
~~Lundbreck~~, Alta.

V

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

By E. Lynch-Staunton.

V. THE FORMING OF THE MOUNTAINS AND THE LAYING OF THE COAL BEDS.

Previous to, and during the flourishing age of the dinosaur, there were great changes in the physical conditions of the earth. Deposition must ahve been very rapid, - as shales were laid down in regular layers in thick beds; sandstones marked in ripples; and angular stones washed from their original location by river currents.

The land became well worn down, and the great coal swamps were formed, the period to end by crustal warpings and filling in by the sea.

The coal swamps were submitted to the pressure of overlying waters and the deposition of ocean mud above them.

The land rose, drained, and sediment formed.

All strata of rocks were laid by this time.

Then occurred the great Laramide Revolution, when the whole region was folded and faulted by some tremendous force. What that force was scientists have not determined. Some claim it was caused by the collapse of the interior plains when the rock formations on the outsides were tipped up on their edges, thus forming the mountains; others, that it was volcanic in nature.

But on the whole we can only judge from the evidences of disconformity found in escarpments and outcroppings, in river courses, and by borings. This upheaval of Nature has given us some of our most magnificent and picturesque scenic effects.

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are broad wooded stretches in the bottoms, U-shaped valleys where the river doubles on itself, in some places forming islands. The waters are of an opaline color from the constant corrosion of limestone, from which coloring it received the name of Milk River.

Deposits of dinosaur bones were found near the summit of the high banks in sandstone concretions, and also in the river-bottom buried in deep sands which during flood waters were partially washed away exposing the bones to view.

Reashing within three and a half miles of Milk River is Pakowki Coulee which forms an arm of Lake Pakowki, and a remarkable feature of this coulee is that it is actually eighty feet lower than the present bed of the Milk River.

Other coulees in the vicinity, gullies that cut into Milk River Ridge, have been found to be, by actual measurement, 50 to 100 feet lower than the river.

Lake Pakowki itself is lower than the bed of the Milk River. Its waters are slightly brackish and rather greyish in color. It is treeless, except along the deep cpulees which branch out from it.

North of Milk River and extending from the Milk River Ridge in an easterly direction, is a wide, clayey, barren plain, treeless but covered with coarse grass, which has an elevation of several hundred feet less than the banks of the Milk River.

Several coulees of very broken formation extend from the higher plateau into the plain. These coulees are all of lower level than the river, the mouth of Lonely Valley Coulee being 70 feet below the river.

Cactus, greasewood, and sagebrush grow in these coulees which are all waterless, but were probably at one time the original bed of the Milk River.

Mrs. E. Lynch-Staunton,

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THE ROMANTIC STORY OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA. VI

By

E. Lynch-Staunton.

VI. THE GLACIAL AGE.

Following the general elevation of the continent after the Laramide Revolution, there came the Glacial period or Ice Age. The climate became very cold. Glaciers came down from the mountains carrying moranic drift with them. The ice deployed into the river valleys deepening them and in many ~~places~~ changing them from their original beds, though even after the passing of perhaps millions of years the scars remain.

Rocks and sediment were spread far out on the plains.

And ice sheets spread from the eastward, from Keewatin and Labrador, bringing with them glacial drift and covering the wide plains. They continued their westward drift until they met the mountain glaciers when they dammed up the river courses causing them to develop other channels, or they formed lakes. The line of demarkation is quite evident in the boulders and chain of lakes left.

Denudation and errosion again took place and vegetation formed new peat bogs.

When in the course of time the glacial drifts subsided, new land forms had taken shape.

Rocky spurs extended out onto the plains in the form of ridges which are a part of the foothills formation.

U-shaped valleys were formed by the damming of river courses by ice, causing the waters to back up and laying deep layers of sediment through which the current again worked its way.

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It is thought the mountains (the Rockies) then attained their present heights and conformation.

As a result of this tremendous upheaval, the rocks of the mountain ranges were tipped to various angles. Rocks from the lowest ages being raised to the top, and those of later formation buried underneath. Coal seams occur at all heights and angles, some halfway up the mountain, and are broken and disjoined in many instances, as at Fernie where the seam is completely shorn off by the valley, to continue at its further side. Very seldom are they on a level base. The rocks of the Livingstone Range are of the Devonian and Carboniferous Age, while those of the Clark Range, near Waterton, are of the Cambrian and pre-Cambrian Age.

Coal beds are found along the Red Deer River, the Milk River, the St. Mary's River, at Coal Banks (Lethbridge) on the Old Man River, in several places along the foothills and in the mountains, near Waterton Lakes, in the Crow's Nest Pass, and along the Bow River on the outskirts of the mountains west of Calgary.

Mrs. E. Lynch-Staunton,

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VII

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

By

E. Lynch-Staunton.

VII. GENERAL FORMATION.

The Keewatin ice-sheet drift extended from the plains to the mountains, the southern area of Alberta being covered heavily with glacial drift that almost entirely masks its pre-glacial topography. The plains owe their general topographical uniformity to the base-levelling of the glacial drifts supplemented by glacial accumulations.

The three general divisions of the land formation are: the mountains, the foothills, the plains.

The mountains of Southern Alberta reach an altitude of about 13000 feet, the highest peak being McDonald Mountain which is 12900 feet high; the foothills, 3500 to 6000 feet, and the plains about 400 feet above sea level.

The crest of the Rocky Mountains occurs in Alberta along the extreme western boundary. Its elevation is about 8000 feet, and it is about three and a half miles in width. The rock formation of the crest of the Rocky Mountains consists of palæozoic strata with an exposed thickness of 22,000 feet dipping to the westward, and comprised of marine, freshwater and volcanic sediments with inner strata of coal which was originally a peat bog, covering the floor of the sea. Corals have been obtained from the Frank Slide.

All the rivers in Alberta and their tributaries have their sources along the eastern slope of this crest.

And here we have that phenomenon of Nature, the Dividing

of the Waters, the streams of British Columbia flowing westward, and those of Alberta eastward, the waters of the stream, in some instances, actually dividing and flowing in different directions.

The rock formation of the mountains is in almost every instance tremendously broken and faulted, - a result of the Laramide Revolution. Mountains are tip-tilted, very irregular, and unbalanced, which faulty conformation often results in mountain slides as was the case with Turtle Mountains in the disarterous Frank Slide of 1903. It is seldom that we find an isolated peak as the superb and picturesque, and fairly regular Crow's Nest Mountain.

Coal is very abundant in the Alberta mountains, also in the foothills, and some distance out on the plains.

The mountain slopes are heavily forested ~~with spruce~~, douglas fir, lodgepole pine; with balsam, poplar and cottonwood ~~on the lower reaches~~. The timber-line is usually at about 7000 feet above sea-level.

The range of mountain flora is extensive and superb, there being over 2000 varieties of wild flowers in Alberta.

Wild animals consist of bears, wolves, deer, mountain sheep and goats, cougars, lynx, cotton-tail rabbits, beaver, porcupines, squirrels and chipmunks, skunks, gophers, weasels, coyotes, badgers, mink, jack-rabbits.

The native birds are: prairie chicken, grouse, ducks, eagles, hawks, magpies, owls.

Streams and lakes abound with trout, grayling, pike.

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The mountains are very rugged and picturesque in outline. Some have legends and history connected with them, as Crow's Nest Mountain, Ghost Mountain, Chief Mountain which was long looked upon as a landmark of the International boundary - "A shadow of a rock in a weary land and shelter in time of storm."

Some have historical names, as Mt. Hector, Mt. Rundle, etc.

Some have a tale of tragedy they could tell, as Turtle Mt. of the tragic occurrence of April 29th. 1903.

Cold and hot mineral springs are found in several places, as the famous Hot Springs at Banff, and the Sulphur Springs at Banff and in the Crow's Nest Pass. Also at Banff there is the beautiful Cave and Basin, the Cave luminous with varicolored stalactites and the pool of crystal brightness.

Ironstone and mineral concretions, volanic crystallization and traceries of coal and lignite, on rock faces of mountains, give to the Alberta mountains a variety of colorings unique, and of superb and almost unimaginable beauty.

Mrs. C. Lynch-Staunton,

~~Lundbreck~~, Alta.

THE [illegible] OF MASSACRE BUTTE.

By H. Lynch-Staunton.

There are some harrowings that have no anniversaries, but none the less they become everlasting memories, deathless and unforgetable. Such is the awful tragedy that occurred at Massacre Butte situated in the Porcupine Hills in Southern Alberta.

This historic spot was one of the most interesting places I came upon when I first visited the country.

There is no doubt about it, the one and only way to discover, or re-discover, the West, is by horseback. No other mode of travelling (unless perhaps by buckboard behind a spirited team of but half-broken bronos) can ever reproduce the exquisite thrill of the hardy adventurer, or satisfy the urge we all feel in a new terrain to investigate what lies beyond the rise, what does the deep and darksome coulee hide, that lies at the bottom of the valley enfolded by hills. Have you ridden to the edge of the cliff to look down upon the distant winding stream? Have you mounted the lofty rise to view, as it were, creation?

So it was when first I saw Massacre Butte.

Along the southern extremity of the Porcupine Hills, as the elevation lessens, there are to be found a few escarpments or outcroppings of rocks cresting the prairie slopes. They look far, far out over the plains. The native bunchgrass was high and luxuriant in those long ago days, even sweeping our horses' sides, as we climbed the almost imperceptible ascent to the rocky crests. The entire country was fenceless. Now one would be trespassing on private property and invading peaceful pasturelands.

Picture-rocks they were, piled in fantastic array, with haphazard pillars supporting hollowed out caves where one's imagination might range in wildest fancy, with sandy floors sprinkled with sea shells and ossified horses' hoofs, walls marked with ocean ripples. The rocks vividly tinted, [illegible] the great Painted Desert, especially when viewed from a distance.

When you have reached the loftiest of these rocky escarpments you are perhaps five hundred feet above the surrounding country. The west is flanked by the lofty ranges of the Rocky Mountains, while to the east and south the slopes gradually melt into the blue of the distant horizon.

Grim and pathetic proofs testify that an encampment was once upon a time made on this loftiest butte - that known as Massacre Butte, and that the unfortunate whites there suffered disaster, tragedy. How else could a child's copper-riveted and hobnailed boot be found in such a remote and unfrequented spot? Or the hub of a wagon-wheel, charred castings of bolsters, and scraps of iron? Such things as savages would have no use for.

The plains Indians were so fierce and cruel in fight, and so resentful of any invasion whatsoever of their recognized territory, either by whitemen or other Indian tribes, especially the proud and haughty Blackfeet.

Late testimony of the tragedy that had occurred on this butte was found by [illegible] Godsal on whose property the butte was situated, about the year 1885, though it had occurred two decades previously, for the wood of broken iron-bound chests was wholly rotted, and the circle of stones that probably marked a breastwork for defence, was almost completely hidden by soil overgrown with [illegible] grass.

The [illegible] were coming into this part of Southern Alberta, while [illegible] for

a ceiling for the house he was building on the banks of Battle Creek, a stream of historic fame, about fifteen miles from the butte, W. F. H. L, manager of the Hudson's Bay Company store at that time, made a discovery that is thought to be a sequel to the Massacre Butte tragedy. A human skull was unearthed which on being submitted to the Ottawa Biological Bureau was pronounced to be that of an European girl of about nineteen years of age.

Also it is recorded by the Fort Edmonton Journal that on the arrival of the first settlement in the Edmonton district rumors reached them that a Blackfoot chief, Old Sun, then in the hey-day of his notorious career, was known to be sporting among the trophies dangling from his belt, a scalp of long fair-haired tresses. The police talked with Old Sun who told them the tale of Massacre Butte: A Blackfoot war-party of which he was a warrior, waylaid a party of white traders travelling along the foothills to the trading-posts of the North. Only one of the party was scalped, a girl with long fair hair. They carried her off with them. But alas, her presence caused so much dissension among the young bloods and aroused the jealousy of the squaws, that it was decided she too must die. But how had Old Sun won this much prized trophy? Was it by right of conquest, in battle (Indians were ever notorious gamesters), or possibly by some heroic deed?

And searching backwards in the annals of the early fur trade, it was discovered that a party of traders, with their women and children, and no doubt all their worldly goods, had set forth from an American trading-post far to the south, for the Hudson's Bay posts in the north, Ft. Lamonton or Rocky Mountain House, and rather than venture across the open plains, had travelled within the foothills along the mountains, for greater security - a well-marked trail of which traces may yet be discovered, rather an established route along the foot of the mountains.

They never reached their destination, and nothing was known of their fate until after many years the tragedy of Lemhi Butte was at last unfolded, though the heroic bravery of an unerring heroic must still be left to our imagination and conjecture.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Chief Mountain [illegible]

[illegible] Chief Mountain International Highway.

By [illegible] Benton

The once notorious, romantic, ~~historic~~ Mt. Benton Trail that led into the rich fur-trading interior of Southern Alberta, the uncharted, unknown, territory of the Blackfeet, the Bloods, and the Crees, its hazardous course the scene of many fierce Indian attacks, of jealousies and enmities of clashing trading-companies, the sport of the elements, has now become the magnificently picturesque Chief Mountain International Highway between two friendly neighbors, Canada and the United States.

This old trail was for over two hundred years the highway of Indian war-trails, of prospectors following the lure of gold, of hunters of the teeming buffalo, of trade and traffic in the fabulous riches to be derived from fur-trading.

It was traced by the moccasined feet of painted savages on the war-path, and more deeply marked by the flying hoofs of stolen bands of horses. For long, long, years it was the only beaten track leading into the territory of the savaage and warlike Blackfeet, and beyond to the land of the Crees, the Chipewyans, the Indians of the northlands who traded with the Hudson's Bay Company established since 1670 in the northern forts.

A party of prospectors in search of gold, was reputedly the first to venture within this territory; to be followed by the inevitable trader, who to placate the savagery of the Indian, brought 'fire-water', and proceeded to dispoil him.

The trader found a treasure-trove of furs rather than of gold, and soon he was bringing caravans of goods, contraband though they might be and undoubtedly were, to trade for the wealth of furs.

b[illegible] of horses and lay in ambush for surprise attacks, and finally a massacre was staged, the Crow were annihilated, the Blackfeet taking many scalps, capturing horses, and saving the three women their prisoners.

The fateful cries constantly in progress ended with the lasting interment of the post in 1865. The white men feared for their lives then and returned to try to save a sick squaw who had been left there, but found she had been shot by the Indians before firing the post. They then made their way as best they could back over the long and dangerous trail to Ft. Benton.

But in 1871 the same post was rebuilt and named Ft. Hoop Up from the vicious ribaldry that was enacted there. It is said every vice and crime was rampant within its walls.

The new fort was built by Wm. Dalstone, a hardy adventuring spirit of those early days who claimed relationship to the great Dalstone. It was strongly constructed within a high stockade with bastions and ramparts loopholed and brass cannon mounted at the corners. The Indians were fearful of the mammoth thunder of the guns, and thereafter the fort managed to hold its own against them. [Though trouble was ever at hand, as when two traders, Davis Akers, a notorious though picturesque character who was known as a gun-toter and a killer, and Purcell, his partner, also of notorious fame, quarrelled. They fought a duel in which Akers was killed.]

On another occasion Ft. Hoop was threatened by the Wolfers', traders and liquor peddlers who in 1869 had set up a trading-post at Whitewee (Milk River, and were bitter rivals and antagonists in this cooperative trade with the savages. The Wolfers maintained for purposes of aggression as well as protection the Whitewee Cavalry which swooped down upon Ft. Hoop in with the intention of forcing the traders there out of the country. They were

army or in numbers, but Hamilton holding a redhot poker over a barrel of gunpowder threatened to blow up the whole works unless they 'vamoosed', which they hurriedly did. After this triumph for Ft. Thompson, the rustlers lost prestige and eventually disappeared.

Until late in the eighties, an extensive trade was carried on over the Ft. Benton trail between Ft. Benton and Ft. Thompson. Over 400 men, nearly all of the most utterly depraved and lawless characters, were known to have been engaged in the trade of such contraband goods as liquor, tobacco, guns and ammunition.

Tremendous stacks of furs ~~that~~ were taken out of the country during these years, buffalo robes and wolf skins mostly, were freighted to Ft. Benton. Early in the spring the trains ~~would~~ started northward, the wagons heavily loaded with goods for trade. Such ~~goods~~ being kegs of rum which was diluted with water in the proportion of one to one hundred in trade, ~~these supplies this was the cause of trouble,~~ sugar, syrup and flour in barrels, blankets of gaudy hue, cloth, paint, brass rings and glass beads.

For greater safety the caravans, or trains, were as large as possible, sometimes consisting of as many as eight teams, a team being composed of twelve to fifteen yoke of oxen, or mules, hauling three wagons strung out one after another and carrying in all 21,000 pounds of freight. The drivers of the teams, one to each team, were called "bullwhackers". Usually they walked beside their teams carrying heavily loaded bullwhips which they would crack like pistol shots over the backs of the animals. It is claimed an expert bullwhacker could nick a fly off of the furthest animal with the loaded thong of his whip, or in lieu of the fly a piece of hide. They plodded along at the painfully slow rate of twelve to fifteen miles a day, the entire trip of some 2[illegible] miles taking about fourteen days. With mules which were used later the trip was made in from eight to ten days, and by horses with

[illegible] trail, or by horseback, in [illegible] its.

[illegible] were made beside the trail, the [illegible] in a circle forming a sort of barricade. [illegible] a number of saddle-horses in the outfit, and riders to herd the animals constantly as they grazed during the night, and to guard against [illegible] attack.

[illegible] left for the train, he left nothing else; and buffalo chips were used for fuel where there was no wood. Less, buffalo skeletons, which [illegible] have been seen to whiten all along the route, in fact carpets have been [illegible] by the passing of thousands of buffalo.

The wheels were strong and were built entirely of wood with never a nail in them. Even the tires were not iron-rimmed but were bound with tough rawhide. Their creaking was unceasing.

In and out, it was a great trail. As the train laboriously wended along the trail, the bullwhackers swung their long whips and gave voice to a characteristic lingo understandable only by the cattle they were driving on, though seemingly having but little effect on them.

Here and there, [illegible] cross a stretch of grazing bog and quicksand, where the whole [illegible] to the hubs in black gumbo mud or sticking clay, the men [illegible] were at almost out of sight themselves pulled them through; or scrambling over the rolling boulders of a swift stream where the animals had to swim, yet they eventually [illegible] their cloven hoofs in the loose gravel of the opposite side and hauled the wagons dripping streams of water, out of the bottoms whether the beds were precipitous or not.

With the passing of every train, the ruts grew deeper. There was no sustaining the trail except that it was covered with deep snow or a bit earlier the spring. [illegible]

Dr. [illegible], the well-[illegible] English zoologist, writes of

travel ing over this trail in the early eighties. He and his party camped on the west side of the Great Bear Hills, three notable elevations or isolated mountain peaks rising out of the prairie. Ten miles further on they came upon the bodies of a number of Indians of the Crow tribe, scalped and left unburied, obviously the victims of Indian warfare.

From the Great Bear Hills, [illegible] a long ridge of low prominent hummocks, the trail crossed the Milk River, mounted the low-lying Milk River Ridge with its numerous springs serving as excellent camping-places, thence there were several deep gorges cutting into the ridge to be avoided, and headed for the Sweet Grass Hills of Montana, in a northwesterly direction. Further to the northward, the Porcupine Hills rose into view. A watch was kept at the fort and as the teams mounted the crest of the hills ten miles away and came into sight, it was the custom to fire a salute of guns in welcome.

Nicholas Koran came to Ft. Benton with the Healys and Hamilton about 1867, over the Ft. Benton trail, and near the [illegible] discovered the first coal found in Alberta. Until 1882 he was engaged in mining coal at Lethbridge (now Lethbridge), and shipped thousands of tons of coal by bullteam over the Ft. Benton trail to Ft. Benton where it was received from the river. Koran was drowned in 1882 while assisting a party of North West Mounted Police under Colonel Macleod, to cross the Old Man River below Ft. Macleod during high water. His body was never recovered.

Two years after his arrival, his sister, Marcella Koran, came to keep house for her brother. Miss Koran was undoubtedly the first white woman to travel over the Ft. Benton trail. We wonder what she must have thought of it - the slow plodding of the oxen, the rough jolting of the 'bull-whacker' wagons, their everlasting creaking, the constant hazard of Indian attack with

the allel acticrmey of losing one's scalp.

Always at the mercy of the elements, rain and snow and sun and wind, - and how the wind can blow over those open plains; the discomforts of camping on the trail often with but a scant supply of water or fuel. [illegible] the notably unkempt scenery of unpicturesque vegetation - the bottles rimming the western sky in their nightpersonness, the prairie melting into the blue of the horizon to the eastward, the heavily rutted trail winding over hill and dale in an ever-changing vista, the start of a sunrise on the trail, a sunset as the day's halt was made. The thrill of sighting the unique Sweet Grass Hills - the Blackfeet in their Chief not with its legendary tales of the Chief's fabulous horse, and the Gros Ventaur' as the hunters named them because they were clothed with an abundance of sun-cured grass; crossing the bone river-bottoms, the treacherous currents of the streams; then winding, winding over Milk River Ridge - the scars of the old trail may be found there to this day, though unfortunately the old Mt. Benton Trail, unlike the roads built by the Romans, is impracticable as a modern highway.

Ten or twelve halts would be necessary along the way and even male. Would they become deadly monotonous in their repetition, or was each a new experience in itself?

As the Milk River Ridge is mounted, before one lay the Three Buttes. It is Indian territory, dangerous ground, of misleading legend, running from Bull's Head Butte to the Sweet Grass Hills, a long way further eastward, where the Indian rides on his last, lone gallop, death! The terrain grows tighter. The scalped and mutilated body lying close by the trail may be redman or paleface, but always it is scalped!

The cracking of the bull-whackers's whips is like a fusilade of pistol shots, their language as the redhot blast of a prairie fire, as they desperately urge their teams to an infinitessimally

faster pace. Painfully slowly the teams mount to the crest, but surely. Ten miles away they are sighted at the fort. They hear the welcoming salute of guns. They are almost safe.

Miss Berry [illegible] the distinction of being the first white woman to be married in Southern Alberta, when in 1877 she married Joseph d'Arlane, an ex-member of the North West Mounted Police force. Father Lacombe, a pioneer Catholic missionary, performed the ceremony, and again on this occasion a salute of guns was fired from Ft. Macleod.

Whether Miss Berry ever travelled over the Ft. Benton trail is in question, but it is known that for her marriage she had a very fine trousseau, being resplendent in 'basque and flounce and bonnet' and possessing a lace-frilled 'sunshade'. These fine articles must surely have come over the Ft. Benton trail from stores in that bustling frontier town, or up the river even from St. Louis or New Orleans.

And as the furrows of the trail grew deeper and deeper with the great wave of prosperity that was pouring up the Missouri River to Ft. Benton and on to Ft. Macleod, [illegible]

But this prosperity was almost the undoing of the reason. Indians were fast becoming utterly demoralized. And in truth, the traders were more to blame for the savageness of these people than were the savages themselves, for the Indians realized that they were being exploited and cheated in trade by dishonest traders, white men who robbed them of their furs, their horses, their women, even their manhood. They hated and despised these white traders, but, they craved the raw liquor they brought them.

Ft. Macleod was a veritable den of iniquity. The Indians brought their furs and horses to trade, and camped in great numbers about the gates of the fort, though they were not allowed to enter, the trading being conducted entirely through a small

under the guise of

wisest. [illegible] frightful orgies of warfare and tribal rituals, the beating of the tom-toms was to be heard night and day, and gamble their last possession. The traders acquired, by practice, [illegible] ives to act as a sort of buffer against the slavery and lawlessness of the Indians.

The warriors vied with one another in having the greatest number of scalps dangling from their belts, and whichever's scalps ranged high. When the trader, W. Harris, was operating the fort in 1871, a Peigan man of his train was shot at the very gates of the fort.

Ft. Kipp and Ft. Conrad were built in 1871, by the I. G. Baker company of Ft. Benton but both forts were destroyed shortly after being built.

The I. G. Powers company also traded at these forts from Ft. Benton.

In 1874 the first contingent of the North West Mounted Police moved westward from Dufferin [illegible] until the reached the Ft. Benton Trail along which they travelled north into the Canadian North West Territories until they came to Ft. Whoop-Up. Colonel Macleod, the Commanding Officer, made an offer to Akers who was then in charge, to buy the fort, but his offer of $1,000 being refused, the detachment marched on up the Old Man River to the site where Ft. Macleod was established as a Police Post.

Later Col. Macleod with Jerry Potts as guide and interpreter, again visited Ft. Whoop-Up, but he found the fort deserted with two bodies of four Indians lying unburied within the stockade.

The traders had their scouts too and on the approach of the police soon acquired the habit of hiding their stock of liquor and contraband goods in caves under the banks of the river.

In the fall of 1874 Supt. Jerry [illegible] later Sir Cecil Denny, of the [illegible] with two constables and the famous guide Jerry Potts,

Ft.

was sent to Benton to arrange for a supply of horses for their horses to be freighted over the old trail to Ft. Calgary. He journied the 140 mile over the Ft. Benton trail to a most dismal journey. The country had been burned over by prairie fire and there was no grazing for their horses to be found. They saw numerous dead animals along the way.

It turned very cold, and had it not been for finding a cache of provisions left in hiding by the owner of the country, they would have perished. Among the provisions was a gallon tin of molasses which was most heartily enjoyed. The weather grew stormy and the snow became so deep it was impossible to follow the trail, but Jerry Potts guided them safely to the east of the Cypress Hills where they turned west on to Ft. Calgary. They made about thirty miles a day, but on their return journey when their horses received a daily feed of oats, the made fifty miles, this was much faster travelling than by bull-team, at that.

They saw a few Indians by the trail. It had been settled.

In this way began the story of Ft. Calgary. Superintendent . . . Jarvis (who was later to become the first federal member for the Territory of Alberta, was in charge after Ames had been killed in a duel with his partner. They were entertained most royally. Mr. Jarvis was soon later sent to Ft. Walsh as manager of the N. W. M. Post there there.

With the coming of the police and the prohibition of liquor in trade with the Indians, Ft. Calgary soon fell into disuse. Besides the buffalo had now disappeared, and the Indians no longer had buffalo robes to trade, though there was still much trading, and thieving, in horses.

The whisky traders made an effort to outwit the police, for this purpose Forts Standoff, Slideout, and Hardluck had been built. But owing the strength and righteousness of the force,

their efforts were not very effective. The days of the whisky trader and of the infamous 'I. G.' were indeed over.

Legitimate trading companies such as the L. G. Baker Company and the H. B. Co. sent their freighters over the old trail until about 1868. Fort Hall did a big business for Ft. Benton until the railroad went through. An old-time trader, Tim Gatt who had a trading-post and stopping-place at Battle Mountain fourteen miles west of Wayland, with his partner Mr. Hatch Hill, ran the mail and a stage-line over the Ft. Benton - Fort Hall between Walla Walla and Ft. Benton.

In a dinner patrol by this famous route.

The Marquis of Lorne when he visited the North West Territories in 1881, attended by an escort of Mounted Police took his departure over the old Ft. Benton Trail by way of Ft. Benton and from the Missouri River by boat.

A. G. Haigh accompanied by Lt. and Mrs. Mackie, entered British territory in 1883 on the 21st of August same as the Queen's birthday and an important occasion in British dominions, by way of this trail.

Tom Lemon, Fisher Pike, a critical member of the H. B. C. and later Member of Parliament, on a mission in 1871, rode alone from the International boundary to Ft. Walsh, over the Ft. Benton Trail and through hostile Indian country.

Just a word about that picturesque and colorful character, Jerry Potts, guide and interpreter for the N. W. M. P. during the course of thirty years, and never was there a better or more trustworthy guide. He was the product of a Scotch Indian mother and a Scotch father, and had the confidence of both races and white men. He witnessed the building of Ft. Macleod in the fall of 1874, at the time of Fort C. F. Inspector

[illegible] he acted as interpreter, as well as on other important occasions, and owned his farm at the Indian Bureau's at Ethridge early in the beginning of the present century. He knew this old trail better than he.

And so the old Benton trail hit in its day both [illegible] and there have passed over it many pioneers and distinguished persons, though it is now but a memory.

The historic old Fort Benton Trail has now become the picturesque Chief Mountain International Highway.

Lundbreck, Alberta, Canada.

The once pilgrims pow-wow battle trail that led into the wild fur-trading wilderness of Southern Alberta, the territory of the Blackfoot, the Blood & the Piegan Indians, the old Fort Benton Trail, before the days of the railroads, the jealousies of colonizing trading companies, & sport the peaceful hunters, has now become the magnificent pictures Chief mountain International Highway between two friendly neighbors, Canada & U.S.

This old historic trail (~~ever thrilling pages the recently reconstructed Chief mountain Highway~~) was for over two hundred years the highway of Indian war-trails, of prospectors following the lure of gold, of hunters of the teeming buffaloes, of trade and traffic in the fabulous riches to be derived from fur-trading.

It was traced by the moccasined feet of painted savages on the war-path, and more deeply marked by the flying hoofs of stolen bands of horses. For long, long, years it was the only beaten track leading into the territory of the savage and warline Blackfeet, and beyond to the land of the Crees, the Chipewyans, the Indians of the northlands who traded with the Hudson's Bay Company established in 1670 in the northern forts.

Radisson, in 1664, found a well-beaten trail that was used by Cree and Sioux in their wars, running northeastward between the Missouri and Saskatchewan rivers. ~~While in~~ In 1743, ~~that~~ the brothers Pierre and Francois de la Verendrye travelling west by horseback, happened upon this trail, and on New Year's day, 1743, beheld the rugged skyline of the Rocky Mountains.

Capt. Meriwether Lewis and Capt. Wm. Clark, in 1804, set out from St. Louis, then a bustling frontier town situated at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, with the intention of exploring the Missouri River to its source in the mountain ranges to the westward. They travelled by boat up the Missouri to the head of navigation where they disembarked at a point that was to become the site of Ft. Benton, though these explorers passed onwards and having crossed the Rocky Mountains, descended to the

coast of the Pacific Ocean by the Columbia River.

The Indians of this territory, the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Kootenais, the Assiniboines, the Sioux, were fiercely savage and perpetually at war with one another. They resented any intrusion into their territory, whether of whitemen or other tribes.

But visions of wealth began luring hardy, adventuring spirits ever deeper within this dangerous territory, wealth of furs and trade. Then came rumors of gold to be found.

Ft. Benton was established as a trading-post in 1846, being the headquarters of the American Fur Company. It was built of sun-dried brick, a bastioned fort, heavily barricaded, with cannon mounted and ready for service, and loopholes bristling with guns. It was a veritable arsenal, with a tremendous store of ammunition, as well as other contraband goods.

By the sixties it was at the height of its prosperity, having by that time outgrown the limits of the fort and developed into a thriving trading-post with strongly-built log storehouses and trading-houses flanking the fort, and notorious gambling saloons lining the water-front.

Being located at the head of navigation all trade and traffic with the vast territory beyond must pass through Ft. Benton on the way both up and down to St. Louis and other trading centres.

Ft. Benton became the headquarters of many dashing frontiersmen and traders, as well as the haunt of swashbucklers, and of many dangerous characters and gun-toters.

These swashbuckling gunmen were of picturesque aspect, though they might be as deadly as rattlesnakes. They swaggered about dressed mostly in buckskin, with broad-brimmed hats and hair hanging to their shoulders. They wore hip-length boots of thick buffalo-hide, pistols at both sides and a heavy leather belt loaded with ammunition. When riding a gun was swung across the

front of the saddle. They were straight shooters and pulled a gun at the slightest provocation. Roisterers and gamesters as they were, hardly a night passed but there was some shooting affray in the saloons, over a game or even a difference of opinion. They were regarded as dangerous customers, and either by night or day, made the boardwalk facing the swift murky waters of the river, altogether an unhealthy place. They lived mostly by their wits, though they were ever ready to act as guide or scout for parties entering Indian territory.

But these were the men who with the frontiersmen and pioneer traders, had the hardihood and temerity to venture within the Blackfoot territory for the purpose of prospecting for gold, or to trade in furs, which in spite of the attending risks, proved tremendously profitable.

Gold was discovered along the banks of the rivers in close proximity to the mountains in 1862, its discovery marking the beginning of a reign of lawlessness and savagery, such as now can hardly be imagined.

Thus it was, that the first to venture over that dangerous trail, was a party of prospectors.

They were followed inevitably by the trader, who to placate the savagery of the Indian, brought 'firewater', and thenceforth proceeded to dispoil him.

The trader found a treasure-trove of furs rather than of gold, and soon trading-companies were sending forth caravans of goods, contraband though they might be and undoubtedly were, to trade for the wealth of furs.

In the spring of 1864, two traders, Alf Hamilton and John Healy, set forth from Ft. Benton with the first bull-team hauling a wagonload of trade goods, to venture into this unknown land.

Theirs were the first wagon-wheels to travel over that ancient trail.

They travelled northward for something like two hundred miles, passing beyond the abruptly rising Sweet Grass Hills, with Chief Mountain and its Legend of the Silver Horses to the westward, over the rolling Milk River Ridge, until they came to the junction of the Belly and St. Mary's rivers, where they decided to establish a trading-post to facilitate trade with the various Indian tribes. They named the post, Ft. Hamilton.

The Indians came readily enough to trade, —and to carouse, the entire Confederacy of the Blackfeet, that is the Blackfeet, the Bloods. the Piegans, and the Stoneys, as well as their natural and hereditary enemies, the Crees. Battles were fought before and about the post. They stole each others' horses, and lay in ambush for surprise attacks, and finally a massacre was staged. The Crees were annihilated, the Blackfeet taking many scalps, capturing horses, and making the Cree women their prisoners and slaves.

Until finally their frightful orgies ended with the looting and burning of the fort in 1869. The white men barely escaped with their lives, and made their way as best they could back over the long and dangerous trail to Ft. Benton.

But in 1871, they returned to rebuild the post, naming it this time Ft. Whoop Up on account of the vicious ribaldry that was enacted there. It is said every vice and crime was rampant within and before its walls, drunkenness, gambling, roistering, frenzied dancing, fighting, shooting, stealing, scalping.

The new fort was strongly constructed within a high stockade, with bastions and ramparts loopholed, and brass cannon that had been hauled with infinite toil over that long trail, mounted at the corners. However, the Indians were fearful of the man-made

thunder of the guns, and thereafter the fort managed to hold its own against them.

The trail became more definitely marked, as caravans, or trains, were constantly passing back and forth between the two forts. Early in the Spring, the wagons heavily loaded with trade-goods, started out from Ft. Benton, the headquarters for all trading-companies.

In the late summer they returned with their loads of furs, to winter at the southern fort.

Until late in the eighties an extensive trade was carried on over the route. More than four hundred men, nearly all of the most utterly depraved and lawless character, were known to have been engaged in the trade of such contraband goods as liquor, tobacco, guns and ammunition.

For greater safety the trains were as large as possible, sometimes consisting of as many as eight teams for one outfit, a team being composed of twelve to fifteen yoke of oxen hauling three wagons strung out one after another and carrying in all 21,000 pounds of freight. The drivers of the teams, one to each team, were known as "bullwhackers". Usually they walked beside their teams carrying heavily loaded bullwhips which they cracked like pistol shots over the backs of the animals.

They carried for trade purposes, such goods as sugar, syrup and flour in barrels, blankets of gaudy hue, cloth, print, brass rings, glass beads and trinkets, besides kegs of rum. Travel along at the painfully slow rate of twelve to fifteen miles a day, the entire trip of some 300 miles taking about fourteen days.

At night camp was made beside the trail, the wagons drawn up in a circle to form a sort of barricade. There were a number of horses with each outfit, and riders to herd the animals constantly

as they grazed during the night, and to guard against surprise attacks by the Indians.

They also had their hunters, and game and buffalo were plentiful. Buffalo chips were used for fuel when wood was not near.

The wagons were very heavy but being strong ~~and very~~ built entirely of wood with never a nail in them. Even the wheels were not iron-rimmed but were bound with tough rawhide. Their creaking was unceasing.

Day in and day out, it was creak! creak! creak! as the oxen plodded laboriously along the trail, the bullwhackers swinging their long whips and giving voice to a characteristic language understandable only to the cattle they were prodding along, though seemingly having but little effect on them.

Slow but sure, they were, and with the passing of every train the ruts grew deeper. There was no mistaking the trail, except when it was covered with deep snow, or a blizzard was raging across those wind-swept hills and plains. But it can never, never, be estimated the toll of lives this torturous, meandering, indelible, old trail, has taken in the course of its years. (A watch was kept at the fort, and always as the teams mounted the crest of the hills ten miles away and came into sight, it was the custom to fire a salute of guns in welcome.)

The traders prospered greatly, and year after year the furrows of the trail grew deeper and deeper with the great wave of prosperity that was sweeping up the Missouri River to Ft. Benton and on over those ~~300~~ miles of rough and rocky trail to ~~Fort~~ whoop up.

Though this prosperity was almost the undoing of the redman. The Indians were fast becoming utterly demoralized. And in truth, the traders were more to blame for the savageness of these people than were the savages themselves, for the Indians realized that

they were being exploited and robbed of their furs, their horses, their women, and even of their manhood. They hated and despised the white traders, but they craved the raw liquor they brought them.

Ft. Whoop Up became a veritable den of iniquity. The Indians brought their furs and horses to trade and camped in great numbers about the gates of the fort. There they held frightful orgies, under the guise of war-dances and pow-wows. The beating of the tom-toms was to be heard night and day. The warriors vied with one another in acquiring the greatest number of scalps, and white men's scalps ranked high. When Trader Howell Harris was approaching Ft. Whoop Up in 1871, a Frenchman of his train was shot at the very gates of the fort.

It was all in a day's march to find the scalped bodies of Indians or white men lying beside the trail along the way.

In fact, lawlessness became so rife, that in 1874 the North West Mounted Police were despatched, via Ft. Benton and the Ft. Benton Trail, to patrol Canadian Territory, and the U.S. Government sent a Military force under Col. Custer, a dashing young officer who was later to meet death, and immortal fame, in the Custer Massacre by the Sioux Indians under the notorious chief, Sitting Bull.

Besides, the buffalo were disappearing, and with them the prosperity of Indian and trader alike. There were no more caravans of furs to be freighted over the old trail to Ft. Benton and from there shipped down the river to St. Louis and on.

And gradually the frontiersmen, the fur-trader, the picturesque swashbuckler, the Indian scalper, disappeared too.

Now, as speeding along a beautiful scenic highway, a glimpse is granted once in a while of the worn furrows of an old disused trail, one wonders what tales of horror, tragedy, heroism, the enclosing hills might tell!

E. Lynch-Staunton.

WITH THE ROUND-UP.

Ranches may have been few and far between, with no communication other than the occasional rider, nevertheless the word went forth - by those invisible messengers that have ever been so useful and reliable in pioneer countries: "Round-up next Sunday (it was always on a Sunday that they started out) at Lower Crossing". And every rancher on the range, (or his "rep") to the last man was at the rendezvous at the appointed day.

A captain was chosen - an office that usually fell to those with the larger herds, Jim Dunlap of the Cochrane Ranch was captain of the Great Round Up of 1885 when they handled 60,000 head of cattle. The captain's word was law, anyone who could not take orders being disciplined by that invincible rule by which he was 'frozen out' and without knowing exactly how found himself an unnecessary adjunct of the round-up - an unenviable situation.

As inevitably the chuck-wagon made its appearance the regular dead-ax wagon loaded with canvases for tents, ropes and saddles and odds and ends of necessities, and the grub supply, cases of cans and wooden jam pails, sacks of flour and sugar, potatoes and beans, and crowning the very top was the rusty sheet-iron stove.

Generally the driver of the four-horse team required to haul the loaded wagon was the cook - an important individual, who though he might be a horseman, was unmistakably not a cowman. His chef's uniform was complete when he removed his coat and spread an emptied flour-sack across his waistcoat and tied it in place with a halter-

shank. He might be good-natured, or irascible, there was no telling except from established reputation and he usually felt it his duty to live up to his reputation.

The ranchmen and cowboys arrived with their saddle horses, each man having at least four mounts and often more. Each brought his roll of blankets and his slicker of yellow or black oilskin. They tossed their rolls onto the chuck-wagon and proceeded to pitch their tents after drawing lots for bedfellows and location.

Riders were told off for herd-riding and night-herding; a rope corral was made; and when the wagon was unloaded it served as the only hitching-post at hand.

The time for the Round-Up was May or June for calf-branding, October for gathering beef. Horse round-ups were held but once a year, usually in May, and were followed immediately by horse-breaking.

By midnight between thirty and forty men, each with his necessary quota of mounts, his roll of blankets and his irons, had arrived. So you will see that the Round-up camp had in the course of a few hours become quite a bustling and populous centre, with smoke issuing from the chimney pipe of the set-up camp-stove, horses neighing and occasionally letting heels fly or pulling back on their tie-ropes and dislodging the chuck-wagon, to the inconvenience of every-body and especially the cook. Saddles were tossed here and there beside the weathered and smoke-stained tents, Riders in cowboy outfits weaved in and out of the confusion, the stentorious bawling of the suddenly outraged cook as the occasional dog made off with a juicy roast or piping-

hot slapjack; the twang of banjo strings or Jew's harp, or a lilting cowboy song as they gathered in about the campfire.

Shortly the moon was risen and the crooning of the night herders might be wafted from the hills on the night breeze, or the coyotes start their nightly serenade.

At Daybreak. On the surface riding on the Round-up seemed the easiest and most fascinating of jobs and the fact remains that the cowboy was never given credit for working at all - he was merely playing at work, though in reality it was most strenuous work. All day molting along in the saddle from dawn to starlight, and the prairie dawn comes early and starlight late, often enduring for protracted hours the gnawing pangs of hunger, chilled to the bone and wet to the skin by wind-driven rain or snow, or with faces actually blistered or tanned to leathery hue by hot winds that almost lifted one out of the saddle, to 'roll in' sometimes in damp blankets, merely by pulling his boots off, but dog-tired, eating indigestible foods but ravenously hungry, dozing in the saddle on night-herd, and ' 'turning out' in the chilly dawn to 'boots and saddle', and climbing on the 'hurrican deck' of a half-broken cayeuse from which he was most likely to 'land a claim', as the jargon ran.

Besidew the work of riding hills and coulees, of gathering and driving in the herd, cutting-out (which work necessitated the greatest activity by horse and rider), branding, separating and holding the bunches and delivering the different brands. The cowmen returned from the Round-up utterly exhausted, yet they would not have missed

it for worlds, and even yet you will hear the old-time cowmen lamenting the passing of that former institution for the old-time Round-up is now almost a thing of the past, the tales of which are recounted from comfortable armchairs at Stampede time or when a bunch of cowmen are gathered together.

They will tell how they rose at dawn (4 A.M.). Already the horse-wranglers were corralling the horses in the improvised rope corral. What fun! Though the broncs, wild and quick as they might be,never escaped those flying lariats. One by one they were caught up, the hackimore of rawhide or plaited hair slipped over their heads, and saddled, though whether they would remain so for very long was another question. The boys after snatching a hasty breakfast were ready to tackle their mounts, to the accompaniment of laughter and many practical jokes.

Breakfast usually consisted of fried steaks (a 'critter' had been butchered already) and brown fried potatoes, or pork and beans and slapjacks, scalding hot coffee, golden syrup, or jams that came in wooden pails, the wood of which was deeply dyed by the coloring matter of the jam. Do we ever get jams like that now-a-days, or any that taste as good?

Each man carried a snack of beef snadwiches along with him for the day. His drink would be spring water wherever he might find it.

His supper, probably about 8 P.M. would consist of roast or stewed beef, boiled potatoes, and pie, blueberry

and dried apple being the favorites, though sometimes the apples were of a leathery consistency. The cook would have produced a batch of bread by this time, good bread it was too, sun-risen. The dishes were of tin, as were the cups, which was perhaps the reason for the tea or coffee being always so scalding hot.

Sometimes there was a nimrod amongst them and they revelled in a mess of mountain trout for breakfast next morning. Sometimes they had a bear-meat ration or other game.

Their garb naturally met with the requirements of their calling. The cowboy wore tooled leather or long-haired schapps, high-heeled boots, to keep his foot from slipping through the stirrup, spurs with rowels hugh but blunt, usually a leather or calfskin vest over a flannel shirt, a leather belt and holster containing a six-shooter, a colored neckerchief, and a wide-brimmed hat. He wore fancy leather cuffs raching to his elbows, and always gloves of heavy buckskin (to avoid rope burns). The cowman was always known to be taciturn and concise, and fanciful as his raiment might appear, yet every article was worn for a definite purpose.

In those early days of the West, the slicker, of yellow or black oilskin and made with a deep flap in the back to fit over the cantle of the saddle, was a very important and necessary adjunct of apparel for wet weather. Almost every rider had his brand painted in big lettering on the back of his slicker. No rider was without his coiled rope tied on his saddle. He never knew at what moment he

might need it - to rope a cayeuse, to throw a 'critter', to haze along a lagging animal, or a hundred other things.

The riders were told off in twos and threes and departed in all directions, north and south and east and west. Every foot of territory was to be covered, the coulees, hills, draws, river-bottoms and brush. The cattle were gathered in little bunches and driven in to headquarters where they were held by herders until the entire country was ridden over, the riders changing to fresh mounts as their horses tired. Each day the herd became larger, and whenever necessary the camp was moved to keep in touch with the riders.

Gathering In. The cook had the camp pretty well to himself all day, his cooking done, and his domestic duties being to say the least, sketchy, he might sleep the long day away, or lying on his back in the shade of the chuck-wagon, read "penny dreadfuls". He might saunter forth with hook and string attached to a switch broken from a tree, or he might be "entertaining" visitors who would undoubtedly be regaled with a cup of his hottest tea flavored with "tin cow" and a generous wedge of pie, or feathery light biscuits (composed mostly of baking powder), as well as by the "tallest" tales imaginable. But it was the treat of a lifetime to visit a Round-Up camp.

Then about five in the afternoon activity began again. The first bunch of cattle appeared over the rise, or coming through the draw, and soon was heard the "halloos" of the cowboys as they hazed the cattle along, spinning their

ropes in circles and sparing neither their vocal cords nor their command of language. The cattle bawled and snorted, their trampling resounding on rocks and hard ground, or slushing through muskegs. Calves darted out of the herd, to be tailed back by an out-rider. An old bull paused to paw up the earth in great clouds of dust - roaring forth a challenge from snorting nostrils, to be prodded on by spinning lariat or leaded quirt.

More and more coming, they were gathered in a mass and held by galloping circling riders ever on the alert to head off an animal that would make a dash for liberty.

The riders would be "working" the bunch till dark, as the creatures suspicious and frightened milled and milled in never ceasing circles, attempting to break back to their grazing grounds, rebellious and "on the prod". The cowboy's work was cut out for him then, getting them to settle down, soothing their nervousness, above all forestalling a stampede. There was no chance of supper before eight or nine o'clock. Gradually the work was taken over by the night herders, the relieved men coming in in relays to eat and stretch their saddle-weary limbs. And how they could eat, with appetites keenly whetted by fast and long strenuous hours in the saddle. The tin plates were filled and refilled, again and again, cups of tea or coffee, no matter how hot, disappeared in a gulp, and three or four pieces of pie were none too many. No wonder the cook was choleric before he got through, if he wasn't to begin with.

Night on the Round-Up. The cowboys ate, and filled to repletion, rose from their seats on boxes and stumps, or from sitting on the tongue of the chuck-wagon, and passing around with their awkward hobbling gait and jingling spurs, to get out of the way and make room for those who had not eaten yet, began pulling out the makin's and rolling themselves cigarettes.

Soon they were stretching themselves, mostly on their backs with their faces to the skies, about the roaring campfire - from which position the cowboy might view the stars to his heart's content, and always he had a sentimental interest in the stars.

Jokes and yarns made the rounds. The night-herders with envy in their hearts for those who basked in the warmth of the fire in utter laziness (as it appeared) departed, content or grumbling according to their dispositions to where the herd was being held. It was their job to get them quieted and bedded down for the night, and no mean job it was.

In the meanwhile the last resounding clatter of the tin dishes died down in the cook's quarters, to give place to sounds of hilarity around the campfire as the boys made one another the butt of their pranks and began to outvie each other in recounting "tall tales", especially if by lucky chance they should have a 'greenhorn' or 'tenderfoot' amongst them.

The moon rises and the cowboy grown more sentimental and more and more mournful drifts from jigs and reels, from mouth-organ to Jew's harp or banjo, to singing songs of the

Lone Cowboy, Prairie Moon, M'Yellar Rose, Write a Letter Home to Mother, the Dying Soldier's Song (of 39 verses), and Bury Me on the Lone Prairie.

One by one the 'roll in', for the cook's gong (of mixing spoon beating on resounding tin pan) will be summoning them from dreams of the Cowboy's Heaven, wherever and whatever that may be, before he feels he has had time for half a dozen winks and he needs must crawl out of his warm blankets and pull on his cold boots. It is desperately chilly on the western prairie at break of dawn; though it is not so cold at that as it has been for the night-herders riding the herd the whole night through up there on the benchlands where they get the full sweep of the wind, whether from West or North, or slanting driving rains from South or East.

The animals are slow in settling down. A sense of uneasiness pervades the herd. The calves crowd their mothers' flanks and keep up a plaintive mooing, while cows that have lost their young in the melee bawl loudly and rush back and forth with fire in their eyes.

The moon is suddenly smothered in black clouds; there are livid flashes of lightning which add to the nervousness of the cattle. The creatures would break for shelter before the threatening storm.

With loose lariats the herders circle the herd, making a quick dash after an animal that darts from the bunch. One breaks away, followed by two, three, a dozen. They must be turned back, or there will be a general rush, a stampede. The cowboy jabs the spurs into his horse's sides without a

moment's loss. Another rider comes to his assistance. The critters are headed off and returned to the herd where they continue their everlasting bawling and restless milling, drifting persistently towards the brink of the coulee in spite of the efforts of the riders to hold them in the open.

The unceasing hallooing of the riders is carried along on the wind. Some might think this was to keep up their spirits or to help them to keep awake, but no such thing! The boys are endeavoring to inspire confidence and lull the rising suspicion and terror of the creatures.

The lightning leaps in balls of fire from tip to tip of the tossing horns. The eyes of the horses and cattle gleam wierdly in the blackness of the night following the flash. Great drops of rain come spattering down on wide-brimmed cowboy hats and slickers. They work frantically trying to hold them back from the steep banks but the increasing storm is driving them irresistably in that direction.

A deafening crash of thunder, a lightning flash that plays over and lights up the entire landscape - and pandemonium is let loose!

Neither horse nor rider can hold then now, but is it the Cap'n out there, caught in their maddened course?

The wild stampede is on, the terror-stricken creatures rushing before the lashing rain, the crash of thunder - earth resounding with the thudding hoofs, the livid unearthly glare playing over the backs of that tremendous hurtling mass and lighting up in ghostly outline the figure of the rider speeding there before them - the Cap'n!

Should he pause for the least fraction of a second to look behind, should his horse stumble over a loose boulder or step into a hole, or his saddle girth burst in the supreme effort they are being called upon to make, horse and rider are lost, trampled into the earth by the hooves of those oncoming, maddened and frantic creatures.

The captain keeps his head and directs his course imperceptibly towards the coulee, - there is a comparatively safe pathway leading down if he can but reach it. The herd sways with him, he may save them - and himself yet.

It is indeed a mad race with no turning back. Desperately he urges on his horse and reaches the brink before them, and providentially the face of the moon is cleared in time for him to mark the course leading downward. The thundering mass follows his lead, pell-mell and unrecking,- to bring up in snorting surprise, but safely, in the river bottom below the camp. Had they come in a direct course over the cliff there had not been much left of that same camp.

As it is, the only one left in occupancy there is the cook, swearing like a trooper at being so violently and hazardously disturbed, and, of course, the greenhorn.

Every single tent was flattened. Blankets were drenched, and mucy of the grub soaked and ruined. However such things are all a part of the Round-Up, to be taken in good spirit, as part of the fun!

Cutting Out. There was neither rest nor comfort for any single member of the Round-Up during the balance of the night after the storm. The tenderfoot found his cosey bed when he would return to its warmth submerged in a foot of

water. The cook's profanity as he labored to keep his fire alight with water-soaked wood was something never to be forgotten, as the riders dripping water from their slickers and chilled to the marrow, dashed up to snatch a cup of hot coffee.

The cattle remained huddled together in a dense steamy mass in the bottom until a late dawn spread a grey mist over the landscape when bellowing from hunger but of more docile temper, the riders might safely return them to their grazing grounds.

But by this time even the horses were in bad humor, and as saddles were thrown over wet and shivering backs there was an uninterrupted program of rearing, bucking and flying of hoofs.

Fun! The cowboy did not think so at that moment, anything but!

By Friday the scene was ready for the tremendous climax of the Round-up, the cutting-out and branding! During the morning a swift survey was made of coulees and 'pockets' to be sure that no stock had been missed, but by eleven o'clock (by the sun) all was in readiness. All riders were on hand, each group prepared to receive his animals and to hold them separated from the others.

The great herd of cattle that had been gathered in from every quarter of the country was held on the wide meadow or open plain by the circling riders.

The continuous bawling was ear-splitting until custom made the riders unconscious of the roar, and as a matter of fact, each man had too many more important things to be

thinking of.

The brands were handled separately and in turns, a rider for each brand entering the herd, spotting his brand and cutting it out from the bunch, - that is, the cowboy mounted on his horse directed his course to drive an animal of a certain brand from the herd to where his assistants waited to receive that brand, and by dint of 'camping on its tail', in cowboy jargon, (a hint to the trained cowpony being enough) he never failed to deliver his critter, dodge and twist as it might.

In this strenuous and highly expert work a good cowpony was an invaluable asset. They had to be as nimble as cats and possessed of the stamina of barbed wire. They usually had hard-bitten names bestowed upon them, such as 'Bobwire', 'The Rat', 'Buck', 'Sage Brush', 'Paint', 'Yellow Jacket' or 'Whiskey Jay', - no one wanted a pretty name for a cowpony, and as a rule they were not noted for handsomeness, but were stocky in build, short-legged, big-headed, Roman-nosed, and very often of the famous calico pattern in color. Still many a cowpony achieved fame, and the memory of his faithful services remains warm in the heart of his master, for indeed his rider's safety, his very life, depended on the sure-footedness, the agility, the keenness of eye, and the endurance and gameness of his pony.

The brands being separated, branding was proceeded with, there on the open prairie without the convenience of corrals, shutes or squeezers. Spots of fire appeared, branding-irons were heated and ropes whirled. The work was accomplished with unbelievable expedition, an animal roped,

thrown and branded in the mere twinkling of an eye and the bellowing creatures released.

Sometimes there was an occasional mix-up, as when a rider got his rope in a half-hitch about his own neck, and the situation was only saved by one of the men quickly slashing the lariat with his jack-knife - though you may believe without thanks from the near-victim.

And again, when the greenhorn unwitingly took his life in his hands by dismounting, even to recover his ten-gallon hat, in the midst of that seething herd of outraged creatures, and by the mercy of God, who is credited with watching over the innocent, the intoxicated, and especially the tender-foot, to the amazement of the beholders lived to tell the tale.

There remained but to dispose of the 'mavericks', all unbranded and unclaimed animals, which were usually sold to help defray the expenses of the Round-up; to knock down the tents and roll up their blankets; and the final rite of emptying the cook's meat-pot, accumulated field mice and all; and the riders utterly done, weather-beaten and grubby, made for the nearest town or drifted ranchward.

The Round-up was over.

Mrs. Chas. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alberta.

4

WITH THE ROUND-UP.

By C. Lynch-Staunton.

Next to Indian days, the Round-Up, more of the glamour of Western romance than any other custom. It definitely marked the beginning of a new era in the West - that of the Ranch and the Range; a phase of life that called for the best in men, pioneering, hardy endurance, initiative, true sportsmanship, and in return gave him the reward of a wide sense of freedom, health, and often wealth, the sense of wide ownership, a kinship to Nature through his horse, his herds, the very luxuriance of the bunch-grass that clothed the prairie; and threaded through all were the golden strands of good-fellowship, unstinted hospitality, an established reverence for womanhood, and that most precious sense of humor that was always pervaded the west.

Ranches . . . . . .

And like jewels on a golden chain strung across the continent we find these Ports of Peace.

The Peace Bridge that bridges the Niagara River, and over which thousands upon thousands of people daily pass from one nation to another without the slightest constraint, was one of the noblest gestures ever enacted between two nations.

As equally so is the International Peace Garden, a memorial to our heroes of the Great War, as to the heroes of the United States, that has been established on the boundary between Manitoba and North Dakota.

~~How in~~ the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park ~~between~~ the Province of Alberta in Canada and the State of Montana in the ~~United States~~, visitors to these magnificent natural resorts may meet as on common ground. There has been an extensive linking-up of scenic highways and trails and other modes of travelling, as by boats running through the chain of lakes extending between the two countries. There are also motor-car routes over splendid highways through what was formerly impassable mountain ways, as well as riding trails that lead into regions of undreamed of beauty.

Waterton National Park was created by the Canadian Federal Government in 1895, at the instigation of "Kootenai" Brown, ~~and herein lies a most romantic story.~~

In 1865 John George "Kootenai" Brown, ~~one~~ of the most colorful and picturesque characters of the Canadian West, wandered northward from the Californian gold fields in search of gold reputed to be found along the banks of the Saskatchewan, He had numerous adventures along the way. ~~He and his companions were~~ attacked by hostile Indians, his horses ~~were~~ stolen, ~~and~~ he barely escaped with his life by taking refuge with a band of Crees.

With them he reached the vicinity of Waterton Lakes through the Kootenai Pass, and so enraptured was he with the superb beauty

~~of~~

of the mountains and the country that there he decided to spend the rest of his life.

John George "Kootenai" Brown was born in England, educated at Eton and Oxford, was with the Imperial Army in India: to become gold prospector and miner, pony-express rider, packer, game guardian, and generally a "soldier of fortune". His Indian wife was Chee-pay-tha-quay-ka-soon (Blue Flash of Lightning) who was devoted to him throughout his long life, and lies by his side in that spot he had himself chosen close to the blue waters of those lakes he loved so much.

I recollect seeing "Kootenai" Brown, just at the close of the past century. ~~He appeared quite old but he was a fine figure of a man even then.~~ And I was fortunate in seeing this romantic character in that most picturesque of settings, namely at those early-day races held at Pincher Creek in Southern Alberta, at the Annual Race-meet held there regularly on July the First. He was surrounded by Indians in festive colorful array, though you could never mistake him for one of them. ~~He was~~ of medium height and slight of frame, his features finely aquiline, his eyes were piercingly gray as one accustomed to seeing things afar (and perhaps terrible). He wore his hair long, hanging to his shoulders and curling at the ends, and I think, his clothes were entirely of buckskin, moccasins and leggings, beaded and fringed shirt and embroidered gauntlets, and a wide-brimmed Stetson hat.

It is said his speech never lost its cultured accent though he adopted the customs and speech of the Indians almost entirely, and he wrote a clear and scholarly hand in the official journals he kept during his term as superintendent of the Park ~~perfectly.~~ Also the rude bookshelves of his small library held masterpieces of literature and poetry. At any rate he was reputed to be unfearing, a clean fighter, loyal to his friends and respected by

his enemies, facing dangers, hardships or privations without complaint, a straight shot, a great lover of Nature and an unflinching defender of the wild creatures, as well as of the wild flowers, in the park.

One could not but wonder if Brown was his real name or an assumed one. But an item from the Gazette as reported in the London Times of December 12th, 1857, i.e. "To be Ensign without purchase, John George Brown, Gentleman." seems to be sufficient proof that it was.

On the occasion of the dedication of the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, a cairn erected to the memory of "Kootenai" Brown, as the first white man to become a settler there and the first Superintendent of the Waterton Lakes Park, was unveiled.

// The Waterton Lakes were discovered by Captain Blakiston of the Palliser Expedition in 1858, and named after his friend, an eminent British Botanist, who however never saw the territory that was named for him though it was destined to play an important part in the international relations of two countries.

Waterton Lakes Park may claim another preeminent distinction, that of having the first plane ever flown over this mountain paradise, piloted by no less a distinguished personage than Col. Charles Lindbergh, when in 1927, he and a companion flyer held a rendezvous at the very top of the Continental Divide. ——A beautiful silver-winged airplane flying amidst pearl-tinted clouds over a region of superb beauty, of crystal-clear lakes lying in glacier-carved bowls, of hanging glaciers whose sparkling runlets fed lakes high up in the mountains; of splashes of metalliferous colorings on rocky mountain sides whose gorgeous lights and shadows defied description; of beauteous falls and silvery streams; of shimmering avalanches on the borders of which are spread Alpine meadows, Hanging Gardens, where bloom in beautiful perfection the

Mrs. Chas. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alberta.

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THE JOURNAL OF THOMAS HERRON SCOTT.

By E. Lynch-Staunton.

~~Note:~~

It may seem a far cry from the ultra modern Chinook Racecourse on the outskirts of the city of Calgary, in the present day, to that racecourse, primitive as it no doubt was, laid out by Tom Scott on his ranch at Pincher Creek in Southern Alberta, in 1886. But both were intended to serve the same purpose, namely the running in spirited contest of that finest of animals, the racehorse; as has been done all down through the ages, for as long as the horse has been known and man has trained him for his use and sport.

When the horse entered Alberta is unknown, but that he was brought from Mexico and probably from South America, by the Indians for the purpose of hunting buffalo across the wide plains, has been practically established. Though the Indian horse had, more or less, degenerated to the cayeuse by the time the white man invaded the prairies.

Thomas Herron Scott came West in 1881. He was born at Richmond near Ottawa on the 25th. of January, in 1866, and was a cousin of that picturesque and widely known premier pioneer of the South, John Herron, member of the original ~~Mounted Police~~ North West Mounted Police Force of 1874, and later Member of Parliament.

When the excitement of the Riel Rebellion flamed forth in the North West Territories and the tocsin was sounded across Canada calling youth to adventure (as well as to the perils of crossing a hitherto but little known territory reputed to be infested

with hostile Indians), and to the succor of fellowmen who in their far-distant settlements were threatened with massacre at the hands of those aroused and savage redmen, Thomas Scott was one answer the call.

With a party of volunteers he travelled by train, with horses and equipment, to New York City, from which point they were sent to Chicago, then by rail to St. Paul's Minnesota, and on to Fort Garry (Winnipeg) at the junction of the Red and Saskatchewan Rivers.

By the time the party arrived however, the rebellion was pretty well over. Riel had fled, and the terror and excitement aroused by the uprising had somewhat abated. But the young man decided he should now see something of the romantically famed West. He travelled by the newly built Canadian Pacific Railway to the end of construction at Medicine Hat, and from Medicine Hat by the narrow-guaged spur-line Known as the "Turkey Trail" to Coalbanks, later named Lethbridge, where coal was first discovered in Alberta.

At Coalbanks he loitered for a time while assisting in installing a ferry across the Belly River, living during that time in dugouts in the hillsides along the riverbanks.

Finally he moved on to Ft. Macleod then the most western post of the North West Mounted Police Force, travelling by stage-coach and four driven by Jim Savage, a famous driver.

At Macleod, in 1885, he helped to build the first Macleod Hotel. It was built of logs and run by a man who was one of the most picturesque characters of the early days, one Kamouse Taylor, an Englishman who had come in by way of Ft. Benton over the famous Ft. Benton Trail.

The next year Mr. Scott took up a ranch on what was later the eastern portion of the townsite of Pincher Creek. This he sold

to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hinton in 1886 and located on a homestead about seven miles further East, which came to be known in later years as the Percy Henry Ranch.

At first this ranch was entirely surrounded by open country which well watered with lakes and streams had formerly been the winter grazing grounds of the buffalo.

Here he established his horse-ranch, of thoroughbreds and light horses. He built his house and commodious stables of lumber hauled from the sawmill on Mountain Mill Creek which was owned and operated for many years by the MacLaren Lumber Company of Ottawa.

Ranchers were now beginning to bring some fine horses into the country. Early in the eighties, the Garnett brothers, Lewis, Jack, Walter and Arthur, had brought thoroughbred stallions from England, horses which were famous on the English turf. Mares purchased from the Garnett bunch formed the nucleus of Scott's one hundred and fifty head, some of which were to distinguish themselves on the racecourse, and actually did win for their owner the highly coveted silver cup - the trophy of the Bachelors Turf Club.

Scott's ranch became headquarters of horse-racing in the country for the next decade of years. The ranch was well equipped with big hay barns and stable-room for twenty horses, was well watered and had good hay meadows. A certain amount of greenfeed was grown and some oats, Mr. Scott owning one of the first binders in the country. He had a half-mile racecourse laid out, had trainers and a jockey to ride his horses.

Mr. Scott had as neighbors some famous old ranches, i.e. the ranch established by Dr. Jenkins of Prince Edward Island and his son H.H.Jenkins; the ranches owned by Dolphus Cyr and Alfred Pelletier, and the Levassuers; the Halifax Ranch owned by the Berrys; the Hatfield Ranch , and others.

His most famous horse was "Twilight", a bay thoroughbred raised on his ranch. Twilight's record states: Twilight, a bay thoroughbred stallion, by Scalper, by Yardance, by Lexington, (American imported horses brought in by A. B. McCullough who had established a horse-ranch on Pincher Creek about five miles west of the town).

Twilight won the silver cup put up by the Bachelors' Club, twice in succession and the trophy became the permanent property of Mr. Scott. He still holds it as one of his most treasured posessions.

The engraving on the handsome silver cup which stands eighteen inches high and is surmounted by a racehorse in silver, reads:

Presented by

The Bachelors of Pincher Creek

in 1892.

To T. H. Scott.

The Bachelors of Pincher Creek who were members of this early-day turf club were: H. H. Jenkins, A. B. McCullough, Lewis Hammond, Billy Humphrey, W. E. Smith (Smithy), L. Brooks, Jas. Schofield, H. E. Hyde, A. H. and Dick Lynch-Staunton, J. H. Smith, Isaac May, George Heaton, the Garnetts, Kilvain, Alec Nash, G. D. Plunket , Capt. Jack Stewart, H. A. Gunn, Maurice and T. G. Wilson, and others.

Mr. Scott had some other famous winners in his string. His eyes, twinkling with memories of those days, he says: "Remembrance" was 'pretty fast'; "Dawn" was fair'; 'but "Rooster" was a'sure winner'.

One famous steeple chase was won by Scott's "Beauty" over a horse, an Appaloosi named Apple Jack, owned by Billy Humphrey.

"Beauty" was undoubtedly the ugliest horse and meanest

horse in the country, Mr. Scott states. In fact he was so mean that at the last minute the rider he had engaged refused to ride him, so he rode himself, and won.

Mr. Scott's rider and trainer at his ranch was Jockey Myers. His colours were pink and blue. Every horseman had his jockey. Some riders that he remembers were, Jimmy Ferguson, Trainer Buffalo Haney (who was from Ottawa), Buck Rainey, and Rattlesnake Pete. The Pincher Creek Racemeets run on July First continuously for some forty years, were started in 1886. At the first held, John Herron who until his death in 1937 was recognized as the premier pioneer of the Pincher Creek district, won the trophy, a pair of Mexican leather schapps. After coming West with the original Mounted Police force, Mr. Herron returned east and for a time was a member of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards at Ottawa. As was also Captain Jack Stewart who organized the Rocky Mountain Rangers for the Rebellion of 1885. Captain Stewart established the Stewart Ranch with its many fine horses, in the neighborhood of Mr. Scott's ranch. McClennan, manager of the Stewart ranch and a fine horseman, was killed when the stage coach driven by a famous teamster of old days, Bill Baird, (nicknamed Mormon Bill), was upset on the hill leading down to the LaGrandeur stopping-place on the Old Man's river.

Mose LaGrandeur also had a fine bunch of horses. As did Remi Beauvais and LeBuff.

Beauvais had a horse named Frenchy and LeBuff a famous winner named Oceoleo, both brought in from the State of Washington. Beauvais' statement that Scott's "Rooster" was a mere pack horse, resulted in a hotly contested race.

The rule was "four to enter and three to start" but as "Rooster" refused to face the starting flag that regulation was

necessarily and condescendingly waived by the other contestants.

In the first heat "Rooster" was behind; but he won the second and the third. His rider was Henri Brouilette, also a famous pioneer stage coach driver.

In those days the country was wide open range, only criss-crossed by trails - if those trails could tell their tales!

By 1886 large herds of cattle were being brought into the country by the Cochrane Ranch Company, the Walrond, the Oxley and other large ranches. But Mr. Scott says it was an outfit of cow-punchers from away South of Powder River in the western Sates, bringing in 10,000 head, who happening upon his ranch and finding there a haven in the desolation of the wide open prairie, named it "Angel's Rest" - though the name did not stick!

But at Bachelor's Quarters comers were always welcome. Every man took his turn at cooking, etc., and many were the pranks played. One famous "badger dinner" has gone down on record. Returning from town by buckboard and broncs, a badger crossing their trail in the bright moonlight challenged their ever ready lassoes and was promptly roped. The next day at dinner, their last guest to arrive politely questioned, "Did you say prairie chicken, Tom?"

For ten years Mr. Scott conducted his flourishing and countrywide famous horse ranch, brand + on left shoulder, with race-course, trainers and riders, fine barns, stables, corrals, etc., situated in full view of the Rockies and surrounded by unfenced country where until the sixties the buffalo were wont to winter and grow fat on the thick bunch-grass growing there, which evidently could also produce good racers.

But in 1896 he sold out to Percy Henry (a brother of the ex-premier of Ontario) who for a number of years carried on with

fine blooded stock.

A search for gold, was Mr. Scott's next move. He first headed for Rossland in British Columbia. From Rossland he went on to the Coldwell Reservation in the State of Washington still searching for gold. In 1897 he returned to Macleod travelling by pack-horse. But when the great gold rush to the Klondyke was on in 1898, enticing at least two young men from the Pincher Creek district, Bob Milvain and Jack Garnett(the latter of whom was to lose his life on that toilsome trail), Thomas Herron Scott had already had all he wanted of gold hunting.

There followed the epic building of the Crow's Nest Pass branch-line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He obtained a contract for building section-houses along the railroad, and later became foreman for construction for the C.P.R.

The building of this railroad was a stupendous piece of work, especially through the mountains and the broken terrain of the foothills, and the cost was tremendous, both in lives and money. Haney, Superintendent of Construction for the C.P,R. said the line was built on 'tobacco and overalls', so onerous was the work and so great the amount of tobacco, both chewing and smoking, used.

The construction of the railroad provided a great impetus to cattle-ranching in Alberta, which up to that time had more or less lagged. Hugh bunches were now being brought in. But immediately following construction there was a serious outbreak of mange and the government ordered all cattle dipped. Mr, Scott had the contract for building shutes and dipping-vats, on the range above the St. Mary's River.

When the Boer War broke out in 1899, Mr. Scott enlisted, going with the 2nd. C.M.R.'s from Macleod, and sailing on the

Allan Liner "Pomeranian" which took thirty days from Halifax to Cape Town. They had altogether an exciting voyage, with the vessel being on fire for four days in mid-ocean. The ship was overcrowded, the weather stormy, and the men as yet untrained and [illegible], undisciplined. The poor Alberta horses, unbroken for the most part, and packed into the hold, suffered grievously, but being toughened with good prairie bunchgrass, survived the ordeal as well as the men.

In South Africa, their Mounted Corps was used to police the territory across the Transvaal and the Orange Free State to the Portuguese border. Travelling from Victoria west to Kenhart in Cape Colony, they crossed wide stretches of desert as well as sections of very fine country, their rations being mostly hardtack and bully beef, though sometimes game was plentiful. Water was always scarce and the heat terrific.

During his entire period of service in South Africa, Mr. Scott missed only one skirmish, and at that skirmish his horse was present, though riderless. The horse was tethered in the regular nightly picket-lines, but when the charge was sounded and the men dashed off on their mounts, his horse accustomed to accompanying them, refused to stay behind. He broke his picket-rope and was in the ranks with his fellows throughout the entire charge.

The facts behind this story were that a few nights previously while on mounted guard in a desert stretch of country, his horse had stepped into a jackal hole and Scott who had been on guard for long exhausting hours, tumbled from his saddle onto the soft warm sand where he crawled under some sagebrush and went to sleep. Shortly afterwards he and his party were under severe gunfire, but for his deflection from guard duty Scott was

placed under military arrest and brought before a court-martial. It was a tight corner. There he was marched before his officer, in chains, and with fifty soldiers with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets on either side of him. He might have been ordered shot at the next sunrise. But luck was with him. The officer in charge of the court-martial was Major White Frazer who had formerly been Inspector of the North West Mounted Police in Alberta. The officer knew his man, and he was aware all the men had been under exceptionally severe strain as well as heavy gunfire.

Frazer tore up the Order Sheet and ordered the prisoner set free. Mr. Scott says: 'You should have seen the faces of his guard, then!'

He returned in 1901 on the "Rossland Castle" of the Castle Line of Steamships, sailing from Cape Town and taking fourteen days to make the return trip.

On his return to Western Canada, Mr. Scott again engaged in the contracting business. He built the ferry across the Old Man's River at Macleod in 1902, and in 1903 the Queen's Hotel, one of the finest hotels west of Winnipeg at that time, and of which Mr. Harry Steadman was the pioneer proprietor. The granite stone for the building of the Queen's Hotel was quarried in the Porcupine Hills where an ancient buffalo runway was discovered and great quantities of buffalo bones, arrowheads and flint weapons were unearthed.

In 1904 he came to Pincher Creek, buying out the business of Dyson and Forester in which he was associated with his brother, the late J.J.Scott, for a number of years.

Mr. Scott has been the builder of almost every large-sized ranch-house in the country, many of which still stand as testimony of his workmanship and integrity.

He was one of the first to discover the beauty of Waterton Lakes, and to build a summer home there.

He has always been actively interested in civic affairs and in politics, keen and clear-headed in his judgments and unafraid to voice his opinions. A man who has taken a large part in the building of the town of Pincher Creek, and to which the fine Scott Block of offices, business places, apartments, garage, etc, and the strictly up-to-date Scott Furniture Store, have always done worthy credit.

Mr. Scott has practically retired from active business now, leaving it to his sons to carry on under the veteran managership of W.A.Ross who has also assisted greatly in the building of Pincher Creek from its early days. But Mr. Scott is usually to be found during the day in his office or seeing about some matter of building; while he likes to spend the evening quietly in his commodious and comfortable home on the brow of the hill overlooking the town, chuckling over the "Cremation of Sam McGee", or some favorite poem of Robert Service, or other western poets.

Mr. Scott's wife came west to Macleod across the prairies by wagon and horses in company with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McCrae, when she was a small child, in the days when the Indians were accustomed to camp in close proximity to the old Fort.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott were married at Macleod in 1905 and came to Pincher Creek where they have resided ever since.

They have two sons, James and Tommy, both engaged now in their father's business, and two daughters, Kathleen (Mrs. H.Ratledge, Calgary) and Jean (Mrs. K.Ringland, Lethbridge), ~~also two little granddaughters, Shirley and Diane Scott.~~

Mr. and Mrs. Scott have seen many changes throughout the years of development in the country, many of which changes from the good old days of the early West, they both regret. But they still think that Southern Alberta with its sunshine and chinooks, is the best country in the world in which to live.

ANGEL GLACIER

ON MOUNT EDITH CAVELL.
On Mount Edith Cavell.

What heart could but be deeply stirred to see
Yon mountain rising in its glory there!
This sacred mount, against a sky so fair,
Lifting its crest in august magesty.
Not human hand to trace that form divine,
And the eternal winds to breathe a prayer
For love and pity's sake! Ah, drop a tear,
As prone it lies in attitude sublime
Before the throne of Justice, wings outflung,
And snowy cerements sweeping lowly
To bordering fringe of blue glacial streams.
Thou canst not ever, ever die, brave nurse,
While on yon lofty mountain height there rests
An angel form to thy immortal fame!

Emma Spaf - Fee Thom

Mrs. Chas. Lynch-Staunton,
Pincher Creek, Alberta

2

RANCHING IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

By A. Lynch-Staunton.

Land of the Chinook wind and of prairie bunch-grass, Southern Alberta has been from earliest records a range country. It was the winter feeding grounds of countless thousands of buffalo. The bunch-grass grew so high and thick that it swept the horses' sides as the horseman for the first time rode across the open country. What's more, the grass was sun-cured on the prairie, was rich in sustenance, sweet and fragrant and soft to sleep upon should a rider be benighted - the Indians called it the sweet-grass country, and the chinook wind swept the prairie clear of snow so that the stock might feed.

Surely it is the finest ranching country in the world! And always it has had a spirit of its own. Sun-drenched, it has been full of the 'joie de vivre', laughter, romance, dancing, music, with the lure of adventure, of opulence even.

The redmen loved the land and fiercely resented the advent of paleface intruders who came first in search of gold, then to trade for furs, bringing with them 'firewater' to accelerate the trading though they were taking their own lives in their hands in so demoralizing the Indians.

To meet the need of the occasion, and to protect the white settlers who had already come, as well as to save the Indians from utter demoralization and annihilation, the North West Mounted Police was despatched to the North West Territories bringing with them law and order.

Under Col. Macleod the first detachment of 300 men, and

with their horses, in 1874, crossed the prairies and eventually reached ~~xxxxxx~~ Fort Macleod, the furthest western post, in Southern Alberta. Their term of service was three years, and when their discharge came in 1877, many members were keen to try a further bit of adventuring - and such was the beginning of ranching in Southern Alberta.

One may wonder how these establishments came to be called ranches. A great number of cattle with which the ranches were stocked were brought from Mexico and Texas where their vast cattle estates were called rancheros. They were driven over long trails by riders who had lived all their lives in the saddle. These men knew their business to a finish and were a class by themselves. They were colorful in garb and character, and could not but give a colorful picturesqueness to western life. But they were strictly ranch-hands, or cowboys as they were called, and though indispensable, quite apart from the rancher himself.

Capt. Jack Stewart, formerly of the Princess Louise Dragoons of Ottawa, and one of the original members of the North West Mounted Police of 1874, with Jim Christie (also an ex-member of the N.W.M.P.) founded in 1878 the Stewart Ranch on Pincher Creek, and this was undoubtedly the first ranch to be established in Alberta.

The Stewart Ranch became one of the largest and most famous in the country. Their brand was SC. Capt. Stewart himself was of picturesque appearance, being tall and dark. A splendid horseman, he was always keenly interested in blooded horses and in racing, and brought some fine stock into the country.

John Herron, later premier pioneer and Member of Parliament for the Macleod Riding, was manager of the Stewart Ranch. W. Fish was foreman. About 1880 Mr. Herron rode 400 miles into Montana to fetch a herd of cattle with which to stock the ranch. It was one of the first bunches of cattle to be brought

into the country. The Stewart Ranch ran about 10,000 head of cattle and 1000 head of horses, and employed twenty to thirty riders or cowboys. The cook at the ranch was one Tom Watson, known far and wide throughout the ranching country as a most excellent cook, but one who was always on hand except when most urgently needed, such as for round-ups when he invariably fell by the way and went on a big spree. The riders were also a picturesque lot of men, many of them having come from Texas. They invariably wore the full regalia of the cowboy, from jingling spurs, high-heeled boots, buckskin shirt and wide-brimmed hat, to the six-shooter in their belt. Some of them were famous riders, if of notorious character, as the Texan, Jim Patterson, and many others.

The Stewart Ranch attracted many adventuring visitors to the country as its fame went forth and was the reason of many other ranches being started in the West.

Alec McLellan, son of one of the largest shareholders of the company, became manager after Mr. Herron. He was married to a Miss Allan whose family was connected with the world-famous Allan Steamship Line. [illegible]. He and his wife lived on the ranch in a house specially built for them and which still stands a landmark of old ranch days, on the Henderson property. McClellan was fatally injured when the stage-coach in which he was driving on his way to a visit in the east, upset on the Macleod hill.

Jonas Jones, of devil-may-care fame, came to the Stewart Ranch and remained to become a pioneer rancher. Johnny Bullock came bringing with him a smart imported English dog-cart which he drove tandem (though the old-timers say, the Lord knows neither western trails nor horses were ever intended for such use) and he remained to ranch.

Capt. Stewart evidently had some consideration for the comfort of his far-coming visitors, for he brought in two proper stage stage-coaches of the Concord type, with strap-slung springs, inside seats and seats on top, and instituted a stage-coach line from railroad points at Medicine Hat and Calgary to Macleod and on to Pincher Creek. Before that travellers had to travel by bull-team and dead-axe wagons. One of the famous drivers of these coaches and four and six-horse teams was Dollinger, of Macleod, known as Dolly. Another was Max Brouilette.

About 1882, Capt. Stewart started a remount horse -ranch for the N. W. M.P. with John Herron still as manager.

It was a gay and busy life on the old Stewart Ranch with their riding and driving across open prairie, and horse-breaking, and races, and round-ups, and all that goes to the making of a ranch to the fullest extent. Tragedy touched their lives occasionally, as in the case of Jim Rutledge who was also connected with the Allan Steamship Company. Rutledge was a wonderful rider though he had but one leg and was most active. His friends were terribly shocked by his suicide.

Mr. Herron brought his wife and eldest daughter, Georgie, (Mrs. E.G.Ambrose) to the west in 1883. At first they lived at the old police-post where his second daughter, Kate, (Mrs.J.L. Jamison)was born. His third daughter, Edith,(Mrs. G. Hunter) was born on the Stewart Ranch. He was manager of the Stewart Ranch until 1887, when he took over the Government horse-ranch and built his ranch-house, one of the most modern of the day, on Pincher Creek.

On the outbreak of the Rebellion of 1885, Capt. Stewart organized the Company of the Rocky Mt. Rangers. But when the rebellion subsided he returned to Ottawa to his family.

The second detachment of the N.W.M.P. arrived in 1877,

by way of Ft. Benton in Montana, over the famous Ft. Benton-Macleod trail. This party saw the last great herd of buffalo crossing the Missouri River. By 1882 the buffalo had disappeared.

It was the great opportunity for the rancher, and many ex-policemen, and others, hastened to acquire ranches.

In 1880, A.H.Lynch-Staunton with Jim Duncan and May, all ex-members of the N.W.M.P., started a cattle-ranch on Pincher Creek.

A.B.McCullock and George Ives (father of Judge Ives of Calgary) and Remi Deroche had horse ranches. Some fine blooded stock was brought into the country by these men.

The Garnett brothers held under lease the entire country between the south and middle Forks of the Old Man's River, until F.W.Godsal arrived in 1882 when the lease was divided, each holding 30,000 acres at the rate of one cent per acre per annum, and carrying herds upwards of 8000 cattle. The Garnetts imported from England some fine thoroughbred horses which was the beginning of horse-raising in the Pincher Creek district. They also built a very fine ranch-house, of lumber hauled all the way from Macleod, and which was undoubtedly the beginning of social life in the country. It is told how invariably the family invariably dressed for dinner. On one occasion a scion of a noble family arriving without the credentials of proper garb, etc, was relegated to the kitchen - until the mistake was discovered. But at least the Westerner never lacked a sense of humor. Unfortunately the Garnett ranch-house was burned to the ground, and so an old-time landmark was irretrievably lost.

Jonas Jones coming from Toronto, with his cousin, C.C. McColl, later of Winnipeg, and Inderwick, established a ranch with an extensive lease, on the North Fork of the Old Man's River.

Shortly afterwards he sold this ranch to A.B.Few of

Calgary, and established a ranch near Cowley. Jonas Jones was one of the most amazing characters of the early days, full of pranks and deviltry, even to astounding his horrified mother by walking into an Eastern church on Easter Sunday in cowboy outfit of boots, spurs and trappings.

The Walrond Ranch, brand ZR, was established on the North Fork of the Old Man's River in 1883 by a large Eastern company. Dr. MacEachern of Montreal was General Manager throughout the entire existence of the company. The first manager was Wollison. In 1893 Dr. Kernock, well known in connection with the Pincher Creek district and at one time member of Parliament, became manager. The Walrond Ranch at times ran over 15,000 head of cattle and about 500 head of horses, mostly purebred Clydedales. At one time there was a foreman named LeMarr, of uncertain reputation, though a most excellent cattleman. It was said he came from Texas and if a new rider had been engaged, there were usually about 20 riders or cowhands at the ranch, and when the newcomer presented himself to the foreman, LeMarr looked him up and down, then ~~scowled~~ waved his six-shooter and remarked, "This country ain't big enough for the two of us. Now git before I count two!" The newcomer lost no time in acting on his advice.

The Walrond ranch-house was built of logs, low and roomy and covered with hop vines. It was situated on a wide bench above the river and could be seen from miles away but until the bridge was built across the river was terribly inaccessible. The Walrond lease extended, and still does, for miles along the river and northward. Dr. MacEachern visited the ranch every summer, and spent his time inspecting their herds and leases and raging at the ~~ill~~ closer and closer proximity of neighbors whom he blamed for weather conditions and stock losses alike.

About 1910 the Walrond Ranch Company sold all their stock, about 10,000 head. They were driven to the shipping-point

in bunches of two to three thousand head, and believe me, a herd of 2000 cattle can cover a lot of territory! The ranch has since then been leased to the P.Burns Company who still run a big herd of cattle and employ a large number of well-trained riders and cowboys. Dr. Mac

Dr. MacEachern died some years ago. The Walrond Ranch was one of the largest and most important ranches Southern Alberta has had.

The A7 Ranch is also an important ranch on the north side of the Livingstone River. It was acquired by A.E.Cross from the Lloyd brothers, Billie and Dick, Irishmen, who established their ranch in the eighties. A.E.Cross, of Calgary, was one of the Big Four of the cattle business in Alberta, the others being P.Burns, Archie McLean, and George Lane.

In 1880, Col. Macleod, Commanding Officer of the N.W.M.P., established his ranch which he named "Kyleakin" on Pincher Creek. The ranch was beautifully situated, commanding a magnificent view of the Rocky Mts with such noble mountains and superb peaks in view as Windsor or Castle Mt., Victoria Peak, Table Mt. and Crow's Nest Mt. showing through the Crow's Nest Pass. Kyleakin was visited by the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, on his visit to the North West Territories when he was much impressed with the ranching possibilities of the country. It was from his advice that the Alberta Ranching Company was founded by a group of Englishmen, most of them titled, and among them Lord Boyle and his brother, the Hon. Henry, Sir F. De Winton, and Sir F.F.MacKenzie.

R. Duthie, who as a member of the bodyguard of the Duchess of Argyle on tour in the West while her husband was Governor General of Canada, had by his military address and knowledge of the West attracted the attention of the vice-regal party, was chosen as manager of the Alberta Ranch and continued in that office throughout the existence of the company.

The Alberta Ranch was situated in the foothills on Pincher Creek. They held a lease of 15000 acres, their brand being the "Crowfoot". The cattle were sold to Maunsells of Macleod when the company went out of business.

Lord Boyle became the first representative of the Pincher Creek district for the Territorial House.

Another ranch whose company originated in England was the Chinook Ranch which was situated on Beauvais Lake in the foothills west of Pincher Creek, with originally Davies and Hutchings as managers, and Mr. and Mrs. John Brown (old-time characters) in charge. The Chinook Ranch was later acquired by L. Brook, who with Allfrey and H.M.Hatfield had founded the Butte Ranch. It was used as a cow-camp by the Stewart Ranch and later acquired by the Wyndams. Wyndams Brook remained in the Pincher Creek district until his death in 1937. He was known generally as "Lord" Brook, and was one of the district's most picturesque figures. The Indians named him "WindowPane Chief" because he used a monocle. He was a clever artist and the walls of the Chinook Ranch house are still decorated with his sketches of mountain scenes. His attendance at the Pincher Creek Race-day on July 1st. was as regular as the day itself, - there was "Lord" Brook, a mounted figure in khaki Norfolk jacket and riding-breeches, wide-brimmed hat, high spurred boots, gauntlets, monocle and all, taking a keen interest in the horses and races but utterly indifferent to the crowd.

About 1882 the North Fork Ranching Company, situated on the North Fork of the Old Man's River and owned by Jones and Inderwick, was sold to A.B.Few. It was thereafter known as the Few Ranch. Their brand was III, known as One-eleven. Mr. Few had wide financial interests in England and Canada, and ran a large bunch of cattle. The entire Livingstone valley was held by lease. The Few Ranch was perhaps the best equipped of all the ranches at

that date. The ranch-house was built of logs and was comfortably, even elegantly furnished, and no luxury was lacking. The cook-house was presided over by a well-known old-time cook, Pat McCormick. Supplies were hauled by four and six-horse teams twice a year from Ft. Macleod, a distance of fifty miles. W.E.Smith, or "Smithy", was manager. Smithy was a character in himself. He was never known to appear at a dance otherwise than in dress clothes, with long-tailed coat, white front and white gloves, and program cards being lacking used the starched cuffs of his shirt sleeves. This old-tine jingle written by a poet of the day most aptly describes him:

S is for Smithy, the cowpuncher dude,
He's so deucedly civil, he couldn't be rude.

He was a typical westerner, an excellent rider, an AI cowman. Smithy always played the part. When he was on cattle business he wore cowboy outfit - wide hat, colored bandanna ~~neckerchief~~ neckerchief, spotted calfskin vest, gauntlets, trousers tucked into high boots with spurs, and carried a six-shooter. He came from Eastern Canada. The ranch kept a big bunch of wolfhounds, and coyote-hunting was very popular.

Mrs. Few was a real Irish beauty and possessed of a brilliant wit. She was an excellent horsewoman, and of course, all the ladies of those days rode side-saddle, with flowing habit and usually a stiff hat, and Mrs. Few with ruddy golden curls and blue eyes and a superb figure, was said to have been a picture on a horse. The trophy of the coyote "brush" was keenly striven for.

The Fews' eldest child was born in Pincher Creek, with Dr. Meade who brought most of the children of ranches far and wide, into the world, in attendance. Two other children were born in Calgary where the Fews had a beautiful home, one of the finest of Calgary's early days. But tragedy came to the Few Ranch. Mr. Few was stricken by an incurable ailment and though he sought the best

medical aid in this country and Europe, his life could not be saved. He died in Calgary. Their huge bunch of cattle were bought by W.R.Hull of Calgary, and the ranch passed into other hands though it is still known as the "Few" ranch.

After the Few Ranch was sold W.E.Smith established his own ranch known for years as the "Wildcat Ranch". His brand was ZZ.

The Few Ranch had their cow-camp on Camp Creek where J.O.McFarlane afterwards had his ranch, which brings us to another most interesting old-time ranch.

Joe McFarlane was an ex-Mounted Policeman who on taking his discharge first built a very fine ranch near Macleod. It was there he married Marcella Sheran, a sister of Nick Sheran who was the first to discover coal in Alberta when he found it at Lethbridge.

Miss Sheran had come in 1870 to keep house for her brother. She was undoubtedly the first white woman ever to travel over the infamous Ft. Benton-Macleod trail - the trail used by fartraders and the whisky traders, and the bullwhackers with their sixteen or twenty bull teams or mule teams and strings of 20 to 24 creaking wagons, as well as Indians on the warpath!

On her marriage to Mr. McFarlane in 1877, Miss Sheran had an elaborate trousseau brought from St Louis on the Missouri River, in which was included a lace sunshade and a crinoline skirt with hoops (both of which are reported to have blown inside out with the first big wind). Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane were about the first to have a dairy cattle ranch from which they made a fortune. On the death of his wife Joe McFarlane removed to the Livingstone district on the North Fork of the Old Man's River where he established a ranch beautifully situated and equipped on Camp Creek. In fact Mr. McFarlane boasted that he always had the 'show place' of the country. He ran a large bunch of cattle and horses, his brand being JO.

The number of ranches established before 1880 may be counted on the fingers, but during the first half of the next decade many cattle and horse ranches were started. Records show that by 1890 there were 100,000 cattle in the country.

In 1881 the Bell Bros, Lachlan and Dan, had a large number of horses and cattle on Pincher Creek, their brand being LB. They sold many of their horses for remounts for the Boer War.

The Butte Ranch, with a most picturesque location and of historic interest, was established by F.W.Godsal in 1883. The ranch buildings ~~buildings~~ were built byWm. Gladstone who came into the country by way of the Ft.Benton trail and built the trading-post at Ft. Whoop-Up. Mr. Gladstone who claimed the Great Gladstone as an ancestor, still has descendants in the country. The Butte Ranch next passed into the hands of Brook and Allfrey, then of Brook and Hatfield. Brook then started the Chinook Ranch on Beauvais Lake, and Mr. Hatfield removed to the Dry Fork of the Kootenai River where he still operates a large ranch of which Mr. J. Hardy is the manager.

F.W.Godsal was an enterprising rancher of the Pincher Creek district. He came to Alberta on the personal advice of the Marquis of Lorne who as Governor-General of Canada had in 1881 visited at Col. Macleod's ranch "Kyleakin" and was most favorably impressed with the country and its possibilities.

Mr. Godsal accompanied by Capt. and Mrs. Scobie who established a ranch on Pincher Creek, came to Alberta by way of Ft. Benton, crossing the boundary on the 24th of May in 1882. His first ranch was the Butte Ranch. He ran 10,000 head of cattle and had a lease of 20,000 acres. Mr. Godsal was one to foresee the growth and possibilities of the ranching business. It was his suggestion when the country was officially surveyed by the government that certain quarter-sections be reserved as 'water-rights

to insure a sufficient supply of water for the stock on the ranges, as these water-rights could not be fenced or bought at the time. The idea of having bull-camps was also his, and resulted in a Stock Association being formed, and the first bull-camp being established in the Crow's Nest Pass (before the railroad was built) by building a fence across the narrowest part, a length of but 100 yards.

On selling the Butte Ranch Mr. Godsal established his Cowley Ranch (from which the town of Cowley was named). He built a fine Ranch-house and splendid ranch buildings, corrals, etc. The Cowley Ranch was situated on the South Fork of the Old Man's River. On his ranch was an historic spot, Massacre Butte, an elevation at the southern end of the Porcupine Hills where a party of traders including women and children camping on the point on their journeyings northward supposedly to Edmonton, are said to have been surprised by a war-party of Indians and killed.

No one could appreciate such items of historic interest to the country more than Mr. Godsal and it is through his efforts that many interesting relics and anecdotes of Indians and of ranch life have been preserved.

Larger ranches were being established, one after another, and in 1882 the Cochrane Ranch Company which was perhaps the largest of them all, was started in the southernmost extremity of Southern Alberta. The Cochrane Range extended from Waterton Lakes to the Blood Reserve, taking in practically all the territory north of the International boundary and south of the Old Man's River. Senator Cochrane of Montreal was head of the company. His son, Billie Cochrane, of popular fame, was manager. Later Major Walker became manager. They brought in between six and seven thousand head of cattle from the United States by way of the Kootenai Pass. Their

bunch later numbered as high as 18,000. But after the terribly severe winter of 1886-7 when having no feed their losses were very heavy, they sold their cattle to Maunsells of Macleod, and their land to the Mormon Church of Cardston.

About 1880 Senator Peter MacLaren of Ottawa acquired extensive timber rights on Mountain Mill Creek and with a company known as the MacLaren Lumber Company set up a sawmill. W.R.Lees was foreman for the company. In 1883 Mr. Lees went in for ranching on Mill Creek and ran most successfully a large bunch of cattle. Mr. Lees told of a trip he made into the foothills above Mill Creek when there was not a soul living in that region. But the trip was most delightful - game was everywhere abundant, fish, grouse, prairie chicken, bears, elk, mountain sheep and goats, - the country was a veritable sportsman's paradise, as it is yet.

In 1884 A.E.Cox arrived in Winnipeg from which point he continued on across the prairie driving a one-horse cart. At sunset one day he met up with a Mounted Police party camped for the night. Among them was a young policeman who had been at Pincher Creek and who was telling of the wonders of that district, - the chinooks, and the bunch-grass, and the mountain streams so clear and cold. Mr. Cox decided that was where he was going. He took up his ranch in 1883 and there he still has his home, though he taught the first school in Pincher Creek during the years 1884 to 1891. Mr. Cox in his eightieth year is still actively interested in the land of his choice.

George Ives, father of Judge Ives of Calgary, with Sam Sharpe, both ex-members of the N.W.M.P. had charge of the Government herd of cattle along Pincher Creek. About 1884 the Government herds were sold, and both Ives and Sharpe started ranches of their own. W.T.Eddy started his ranch "Firgrove" in 1886, and ran a large bunch of purebred Shorthorns.

Charlie Smith brought a herd of cattle from Montana in 1886 and started his ranch on Pincher Creek where he lived until he died.

A group of French Canadians, Beauvais, LaGrandeur, Brouillette, Leboeuff, LaFeve, Lemeaux, L.G.Gareau, Barbeau, LaFontaine, all arrived during the eighties and took up ranches. Several of them had fine racing stock which did much to advance the sport of horse-racing to the high standard it achieved.

Philip Fortier established a ranch above Cowley and ran a large bunch of cattle. He was always a fun-maker and always more than welcome on the round-up.

Joe Morgan had a ranch in the eighties and a large bunch of cattle, making a fortune out of them.

The Connellys, Bob, Albert and Alfred, Jim and Stuart, were all old-time ranchers.

In 1886 John Ross, a Scotchman, drove in horses from Colorado and took up a ranch in the North Fork district. During the summer of '86 he put up a big supply of native hay. In those days one had only to go out with a mower and hayrake, and he might put up a stack anywhere. The winter of 1886-7 was very severe, and Mr. Ross profited greatly by his foresight of the summer.

E.G.Smith established the Foothills Ranch which A.N.Cox still operates.

About 1885 several ranches were started on the North Fork, or Livingstone River. The Hon. Thos Arthur Craven and Jack Elwell had a ranch on Poverty Flat. Mr. Geo. Heaton and F. Titley were on the North Fork, also Malcolm Heath and F. Morris. In 1888, Mr. Heaton combined most of these ranches in Park Ranch where he still lives and which is one of the finest country estates and ranches in the country.

The Heath Ranch was taken over in 1886 by Francis

Staunton Blake and , with the exception of the four years he spent overseas during the Great War he had lived there until the time of his death last year.

Maurice and Thos G. Wilson who came west with a party of surveyors in the '80's were first at Starlight Ranch on Pincher Creek and later had the Key Ranch in the North Fork district.

R. Lynch-Staunton of Antelope Ranch in the Livingstone district, came to the country in 1883 and has been in the ranching business ever since. With his son F. Lynch-Staunton, he runs one of the largest bunches of cattle in the district. His ranch still has the flavor of Indian war days about it, for but a few years ago a stranger happened along, and hospitality being always the order of ranches, he was bidden to stay. He told them that sixty years before he had been through that part of the country with a party of prospectors. Their supply of meat becoming low they had climbed Antelope Butte in search of game which they were successful in getting, and being hungry they were lighting a fire and cutting off some meat to cook, when suddenly there was a flight of arrows past their heads and they saw Indians painted and with warlocks disappear behind the rocks. He and his party fled through the thick brush on the hillside, but they had dropped their knife. When he expressed a wish to see if he could find the knife they gave him a horse to climb to ~~the place~~ where it had been lost, and sure enough at the place where he had so nearly lost his scalp he found the knife rusted and handleless.

About 1885 or '86, Mr. Ashley Elton came to the North Fork. His father Col. Elton and his family lived at "Grasmere" a fine ranch-house in its day, built of logs in English country-house style. Col. Elton had served thirty years or more in India and during the Indian Mutiny. His son, Mr. Cecil Elton, still has his ranch on Todd Creek and the North Fork, one of the

finest and most beautiful ranches Southern Alberta has had. It has always been well stocked with splendid cattle and horses, stock that has brought much credit to the country.

Mr. Elton and Mr. John Kemmis who was member of the Provincial Legislature for several terms, were formerly partners in ranching. Mr. Kemmis now lives in Calgary.

Mr. H. Nash who was a former police scout, and Mrs. Nash, ranched in the Livingstone (or North Fork) district in the eighties. Mrs. Nash's sons Billie and Harry, were also ranchers.

Another ranch of wide interest in the early days was the Burn Ranch. They ran a large bunch of horses and cattle, their brand being 33. No ranch was more noted for its hospitality than was the Burn Ranch. Mrs. Burn was a most excellent horse-woman. They came West by covered-wagon, Mrs. Burn riding most of the way and assisting with the large bunch of horses they brought with them.

To the south of Pincher Creek were the ranches of Wm. Huddleston, the Jenkins Ranch which was founded in 1886 by Dr. Jenkins of Prince Edward Island where he was formerly a member of parliament. Dr. Jenkins with his son H.H.Jenkins imported some fine purebred horses, also cattle and sheep. Dr. Jenkins grandsons carry on the business of ranching he founded some 56 years ago. His great-grandson is in an Alberta Regiment.

To the east of Pincher Creek, L.M.Dimsdale still lives on the ranch he established in the eighties. He has always run a large bunch of cattle.

The Hatfield Ranch with Mr. H.M.Hatfield at its head, and Mr. Jack Hardy as manager, still holds an immense tract of land, running upwards of 1000 head of cattle.

Eastward were also the fine ranches of A. Pelletier; Georges and Frank Levasseur, who branded CY and ran a big bunch of cattle; Dolphus Cyr who had fine cattle and horses and a

fine ranch noted for its hospitality, also his brother Levit Cyr who had a ranch on the Dry Fork.

Mr. A. Pelletier has been consistently throughout a great number of years, an enterprising and valuable citizen of Alberta. He has had purebred cattle, purebred horses, sheep, swine, and a tremendously large farm. Mr. Pelletier is now retired to his beautiful home in Pincher Creek.

Wm. Lee who came into the country with a party of prospectors before there were any ranches, later had a beautiful ranch on Lee Lake in the foothills of the Crow's Nest Pass. He had a large bunch of horses and cattle, his brand being 41. This brand was later acquired by A.H. and R. Lynch-Staunton when they bought his bunch of cattle.

A.M.Mordon, one of the founders of the town of Pincher Creek, established his ranch in 1884 and later built his beautiful home there. He had fine horses and cattle. Mr. Mordon was Pincher Creek's first magistrate.

Charles Kettles, also one of the founders of the town, likewise built a fine home and ran a big bunch of cattle. He had several ranches in the district.

Messrs. R. Redpath and W.H.Hogan had a ranch east of Pincher Creek, and also horses and cattle.

In 1886 T.H.Scott established his ranch "Angels'Roost" ~~east~~ east of Pincher Creek, where he kept bachelor quarters. He had a racecourse and racing stables and for a whole decade his ranch was the centre of horse-racing for the surrounding district. Mr. Scott still retains the silver cup he won with his horses.

In the hills Joe and Alphonse Mongeon had ranches. Their neighbor was Felix Thibeautot.

G. Neuman, Chas. Schoening, F. Bradke, established ranches on the beautiful flats south of Pincher Creek early in the eighties

Rouleau and Wm. Metzler, ex-policemen, were on the Dry Fork where Metzler still has his ranch and a large bunch of cattle. Jame

James Schofield had a ranch west of the Chinook Ranch in 1886. The Park Reserve Ranch now owned by H. Butcher was established by Gordon in '83. Mr. F. Willock also brought in cattle.

J.B.Miller was on the South Fork of the Old Man's River near the bridge where formerly a ferry was run until one night all the occupants of the ferry were drowned and the government built a bridge. Bob Christie, another old-timer and ex-policeman, had a ranch on Yarrow Creek, where the Bonnertz ranch now is.

Among the stockholders of the Alberta Ranch Company who came to live in the country was E.M.Wilmot, an Englishman who had played polo in India where the game is said to have originated. Wilmot also had a ranch of his own which he later sold to J.C.Routhier. an ex-policeman and a son of Sir Adolph Routhier of Quebec. Mr. Routhier retained his ranch which was noted for its beautiful haymeadows, as long as he lived. It is now the property of Mr. J. Farrell of the Burns Ranch Company, a son-in-law of the late Mr. Routhier. The Alberta Ranch has recently been acquired by E.E.M. Robinson Esq. of Montreal.

It was Wilmot who brought to the North West real polo sticks and balls and was the means of starting the game in America. Polo became tremendously popular among the young ranchers. It was in fact, the sport of the country, being second only to horse-racing. It was taken up by Wilmot, Lewis Hammond, Brook, Lynch-Staunton, W.Humphrey, D.G.Plunket, Chas. Kemmis, T.Heap, McCulloch, and R.B.Clarkson, in the Pincher Creek district, and by Milvain, H.Gunn, A.Kennington, Beeching, Stepney, W.E.Smith, the Wilsons, Graham, G.Heaton, Tom and Vere Miles, H.Mackintosh, Holland, Peter Briggs, Connelly and Burn in the North Fork district. They played many competitions, the honors finally going to the North Fork players.

In the Pincher Creek district polo was at first played at the "Roodee Ranch", the property of Mr. and Mrs. R.B.Clarkson. Both Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson were real horsemen. Mrs. Clarkson had hunted in Ireland, and Mr. Clarkson was an ex-mounted policeman. Their ranch was noted far and wide for its open-hearted hospitality.

Ranch life to begin with was pretty austere, but gradually there came a change, with greater comforts and less of the hardships of pioneer life. The ranchers, both men and women, were notably good sports, a gay and jovial lot who loved to dance and sing and make merry, but always maintaining a due regard for the formalities of nice living. It must have been difficult for a woman with a family of young children, though it has become legendary that the children of ranchers were born and virtually lived in the saddle.

Horse-racing and polo came to play a great part in the lives of ranchers, and served to bring them together. Everybody for miles and miles flocked to the races and sports held in Pincher Creek on the First of July, their annual race-day. Most of them rode horseback, some came in democrats, and some in buckboards with four and six-horse teams. There were some fine horses and some hotly contested races. The Indians were always there in paint and feathers, and invariably there was 'Lord' Brook, with monocle, belted jacket, guantlets, boots and spurs. Also there was Kootenai Brown ~~xxxx~~ in buckskin garb and his hair hanging in locks to his shoulders.

There was a grand ball in the evening with the ladies wearing low-necked evening dresses, and the men in long-tailed dress-suits with white shirt fronts and white kid gloves. There were lively dances, as the polka, schottische, quadrilles, and no one thought of quitting before daybreak. There was probably many a game of blackjack going on at the same time.

The next day there was polo. Then the long drive or ride o over rough and jolting trails back to their ranch homes, and perhaps another year would pass before they met again.

Another part of ranch-life was their Round-Ups, and there were two big round-ups every year, the Spring, or Branding Round-Up, and the Beef or Fall Round-Up. The Round-Up and haying were the two most important events of a rancher's life.

The first round-up was held in 1882. But the Great Round-Up took place in 1885 and lasted for four months. They covered all of Southern Alberta, moving from one camping-place to another as they gathered the cattle. The outfit consisted of 15 mess wagons, 500 saddle ponies, and 100 riders. They rounded up 60,000 head of cattle.

It is claimed that P.Burns began his career as a cattleman as a cowboy on the Walrond Ranch. His great opportunity came when the construction of the main line of the C.P.R. reached Alberta. He was then one of the Big Four of the cattle business, but by 1890 P.Burns was recognized as undisputed king of the cattle business, and continued so until his death.

And so the ranching business, which do you know? is unique to Southern Alberta, has grown and developed from the first herds of a few thousands in 1880, to 100,000 by the turn of the century. At the present day there are over 1,000,000 head of cattle in Alberta. Perhaps it is that the old-time glamor and romance are gone, never to be recalled - when the Chinook turned winter to summer, and haying was but fun with time off for 'afternoon-tea', when there was always time for polo and horse-racing, and round-up camps a good excuse for testing a rider's skill with bronc and rope and saddle and a touch of hokey-pokey now and then. When everybody was young, and life was just one glorious stampede!

An

Mrs. Chas. Lynch-Staunton,
Pincher Creek, Alberta.

A FRONTIER HERO - GENERAL CUSTER.

By E. Lynch-Staunton.

In these days of World Wars it seems the Age of Heroes. Every man, woman and child, yes, even the little children who should know nothing of heroics except in the story-books, are all potential heroes. Still there are always rising amongst us outstanding heroes who may be called upon to lay down their lives for their cause, and who do so without hesitation or regret. No doubt those soldiers who fought and died with Custer were equally brave, but it fell to him to make a choice between life and death, and he chose death with his fellows rather than accept life under the terms of Sitting Bull, a law-breaker and a savage menace to those Custer was sworn to protect.

In 1876, on the 25th. day of June, the Custer Massacre was perpetrated on the banks of the Little Big Horn River in Montana, just 80 miles across the border from Ft. Walsh on the Canadian side, when almost an entire American regiment under the leadership of Gen. Custer was wiped out by a band of Sioux Indians.

Trouble with the Indians arose with the building of the Kansas Pacific Railway. Gen. Cody, of Buffalo Bill fame, had secured the contract for supplying meat for the railway camps. But the Indians - the Sioux, Salteaux, Assiniboines, persistently stole and drove off their horses and killed their cattle for their own use, until in order to fill their contracts, the contractors were obliged to supply buffalo meat instead. A tremendous number of buffalo was slaughtered, as many as 4000 in eighteen months. This the Indians resented and blamed the white men when at length the buffalo disappeared entirely.

Custer with five troops of the American Eighth Army, at the end of the Civil War, was despatched to Ft. Benton on the Missouri River in Montana, to stop their depredations and general trouble-making.

He reached Ft. Benton, the last post of civilization to the west, in 1874. Custer was said to have been a handsome, fearless, dashing, picturesque-looking young man in those days. Of military erectness, he was garbed in buckskin with spurred high boots, pistols and sword in belt, and fringed embroidered gauntlets. He wore his yellow hair hanging to his shoulders, a military headdress, and carried a musket. He had keen blue eyes.

Ft. Benton was equally picturesque.

The log-buildings, along one side of the street only, faced the water-front where the river-boats were moored at the landings, Ft. Benton being also the end of navigation up the turgid Missouri. From thence on travelling must be done by horse, or ox-cart, or bull-teams. The buildings were mostly stopping-places, saloons, gambling-dens, stores and warehouses and freight sheds.Great quantities of freight came up the river and from this point were dispersed over the plains for traders, settlers and Indians.

To the westward of the fort loomed the Rocky Mountains. To the eastward spread the plains and prairies. And to the northward lay that mysterious territory, little known, but reputedly abounding in wealth, in furs, buffalo skins, gold, that led into the Canadian North West, and beyond and beyond even to Hudson's Bay land.

Custer and his army were stationed at Ft. Benton for two years preceeding the massacre, being joined there by Gen. Miles and other American officers. The Indians were exceedingly truculent, especially the Sioux Indian, Sitting Bull,who seemed to have a powerful influence over all the tribes.

Sitting Bull, the son of Chief Jumping Bull, had been trained as a Medicine Man, and so apt was he in his ceremonial ministrations that he attained a great power over the Indians , and was

recognized as a great chieftain. He was not at all heroic in appearance, being squat in stature and with a sullen lowering countenance. His arms were covered with rings and ornaments, otherwise with the exception of a breech-clout and a feathered headdress, he was naked. But he it was who was constantly inciting the Indians to deceit and trouble-making. From a wound he had received in a tribal fray he walked with a limp, but because of his powers as a Medicine Man and his natural talents in leadership he became head of the most warlike factions. He was a fiery leader, a natural orator, and a ruthless savage. He was the leader in the terrible and savage massacre at Ft. Buford on the Little Big Horn River.

Custer was noted for his many daring feats performed in these Indian wars. He was truly without fear, never hesitating to face danger or death. Even the Indians admired him as they never begrudged appreciation of bravery in foe or friend - though they might never know the meaning of the word "friend".

The Indians had been warned that they must not interfere with the settlers coming into the country. Nevertheless they continued to waylay travellers even though they wound their laborious course across the plains in large parties, with scouts in front and rear. At every opportunity the Indians stole their horses and cattle, and even boasted of the fair-haired scalps they wore as ornaments upon their own persons. The situation was desperate for the settlers moving westward in greater and greater numbers. Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors were becoming a constant and fearful menace.

But Custer and his soldiers were on the alert. They patrolled the plains, keeping the Indians in check, reprimanding them and threatening them with punishment as they would children. Most of the Indian tribes respecting his courage and daring, accepted his mandates. But not Sitting Bull and his Sioux.

Then happened the Custer Massacre. Custer's camp was supposedly surprised, but what took place at this terrible occurrence was not known until years after. Rumors that were hardly believable came through that Custer and his soldiers had been trapped and killed by the Indians. It was thought that Sitting Bull had been killed too for he and his warriors disappeared , and nothing more of them and their evil doings was heard for a considerable time. Then it transpired that Sitting Bull was across the border, having sought refuge on the Canadian side.

In March of 1877, Sitting Bull had indeed crossed into Canada where he proceeded to defy the North West Mounted Police as he had the American Army. The war-party of Sioux Indians entered by Wood Mt. and established a camp of 135 lodges, with new arrivals appearing daily, near Ft. Walsh where the Mounted Police under Inspector Walsh had recently built a post and fort. There were 18 white men at Ft. Walsh, against some thousands of redskins encamped across a deep coulee but two miles from the fort. They were truculent, insolent, and defiant. There were still some buffalo on the great winter feeding-grounds of the Cypress Hills and surrounding plains, and they helped themselves as they chose, killing wantonly and without discretion, glutting themselves with over-abundance and as a result becoming overweening with pride and impudence.

In September, 1877, the great Peace Treaty No. 7, was being signed at Blackfoot Crossing 250 miles away. By this treaty the Plains Indians in Canada, the Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcees, Piegans, Stonies, and the Crees, were brought into treaty with the Canadian Government by which the tribes were allotted reservations on which they must abide and they would be granted, forevermore, rations of food, tobacco, money,necessary tools and farm implements, and clothing. In other words they would henceforth be cared for as wards of the government. ~~Colonel Macleod~~,

Col. Macleod, Commissioner of the N.W.M.P. with an escort of Mounted Policemen, was at Blackfoot Crossing arranging the treaty. There were no members of the Mounted Police available to augment the tiny garrison at Ft. Walsh, nor any hope of assistance.

In Sitting Bull's camp savagery was at its utmost height. The orgies enacted day after day were fearful. War dances were continually in progress, and brawling, and fighting. They sallied forth in parties every day and returned with booty and prisoners. The nights were hideous with shrieks of agony of those they wantonly tortured. There were the screams of animals, the yelping of hordes of mongrel dogs, the whimperings of the helpless; and the raucous laughter and blood-curdling war-whoops of ribald and drunken warriors. Moreover they were now becoming hungry and the buffalo were almost all gone, and the number of their lodges was constantly increasing, as Inspector Walsh anxiously awaited the return of the emissary he had despatched in haste to Col. Macleod, while he and his sixteen companions waited protected only by the feeble pallisades of their fort and four brass cannon which they kept brightly polished and fired off at intervals with the forlorn hope of impressing the savages with their potency. It was four long and dreadful months before Lt.Col. Irvine with Sub-Inspectors Clark and Allen, at last, after terribly hard travelling in the depth of winter relieved only by some welcome "chinooks", appeared before the gates of the fort.

They took council together and decided to fearlessly approach the Indians in their camp and dictate their own terms to them. Sitting Bull received them with almost insolent truculence, but the dignity of the officers remained unbroken. They asked him why he and his Indians had come to their territory, and told him they wished them to return to their own country where the U.S.government would care for them. This Sitting Bull defiantly refused to do. The Redcoats

then told them they need expect no assistance from the Canadian government. The Mounted Police wished them to leave but if they chose to stay they must obey the laws of Canada. A long discussion followed, the Indians still grumbling and insolent, but the Mounted Police firm though they felt themselves standing on a gun-powder keg. The Pipe of Peace being passed around many times was never refused by the white men. While all the time Sitting Bull's followers were increasing, the lodges now numbered almost 700, and Sitting Bull was even more insolent and brazen. He had no desire to face the American authorities, and was trying desperately to bluff the situation through.

So he stayed on. But as they were faced with starvation in the near future, he was told his Indians might kill enough buffalo for their own use but they might send none of the meat to other camps, and they were warned not to molest the settlers nor their cattle or horses. The Indian camp was a frightful menace to the few white men in the fort, but they kept up an undaunted front. The Indians were never under any pretext allowed entry to the fort, but the Mounted Police kept a a constant and close watch on the Indian camp. Sitting Bull refused to answer the U.S. authorities or to return to U.S. territory. Finally at the end of a great pow-wow in which it is said 5000 Indians took part and they were obviously preparing for the warpath, a clash took place between the different tribes in the camp. They fought fiercely while they caroused. Inspector Walsh and his police approached the camp to find it paralyzed with drink. They never could discover where they got the whisky, though it was probably from the whisky-traders who would be passing through the country on their way back from the signing of the Peace Treaty at Blackfoot Crossing. Fearing a serious outbreak they arrested a number of leaders and painted warriors and took them to the fort.

It was while questioning them that they learned of the massacre of Custer's army, from which not a single white soldier or officer

had escaped alive. Ranging over the prairies the Sioux had surprised the U.S. Army camp on the Little Big Horn River. A large party of Indians swooped down upon them with war-whoops and muskets blazing. They stampeded their horses and drove them away. The white men had no chance of escape, but they refused to accept the terms dictated by Sitting Bull and fought desperately to the bitter end.Sitting Bull and his chiefs, Rain-in-the-Face and Yellow Dog, in their admiration of Custer's bravery, wanted to spare him, but he refused to be saved. He died with his companions who were killed to the last man, not a single one escaping to tell the tragic tale. As evidence they turned over to the Mounted Police Custer's watch and his flint-lock musket. After the attack, Sitting Bull and his Indians fearing the U.S. soldiers, fled across the border to Canada. After some time they were reported to be in the vicinity of Ft. Walsh where they became a nest of trouble, but refused to leave or go back to the United States.

They remained in Canada where they knew they were safe from American law and retribution, for five or six years, a constant sou[illegible] of trouble and danger that might flare into a second massacre at any moment. They held Sun dances and War-dances, making many braves and warriors. They brought there fresh bands of stolen horses, and prisoners taken from other tribes. Torture was a part of all their ceremonies, until the shrieks and screams of their victims were heard day and night. The complete disappearance of the buffalo at last served to starve them out, though traders had established themselves precariously on the outskirts of their camp.

Finally they were induced by a trader named Le Gare to return to the American side of the border where the American government would provide for them as it was doing for other Indian tribes. It

is said that Le Gare's bill for providing them with the means of subsistance (substance) and leading them forth into their own territory was $13,412 and was paid without complaint. At last they were gone and good riddance. Then only might the Canadian authorities breathe a sigh of relief.

Sitting Bull continued to enjoy the promised protection of the American government, but he soon found himself bereft of power and became an impotent and sorrowful figure, though he continued to be a trouble-maker as long as he lived. He was killed in a brawl among his own people.

But the memory of the gallant Custer whose bravery and heroic death eventually brought safety and security to the settlers and travellers coming West, will live forever in the annals of the Great West.

Mrs. E. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alta.

OF BYGONE DAYS.

AN EARLY WESTERN TOWN.

A tiny hamlet mostly of log buildings set beside a wooded stream, but it was one of Alberta's oldest towns. The main street ran east and west, with all trails leading thereto. High hills bordered it on both sides. Above the hills could be seen the snow-capped Rockies.

It was a picturesque-looking place. A church with a tiny belfry and a bell was perched on one hill. The bell tinkled merrily on all general occasions, ~~but~~ tolled solemnly for the dead.

Tie-posts where saddle-horses champed and fretted ranged along the sides of the street. For some mysterious reason the business places were generally supplied with 'false fronts', which perhaps gave them an air of more importance. One recognized a store not from its window display of goods, but from the buffalo robes, slickers and colored blankets hanging without. Inside were scattered about harness and (coils of) ropes and bridles, chests of tea, an aromatic coffee-grinder, some bolts of prints, jam pails and tinned goods, brown and black plugs of tobacco, dried fish, barrels of flour, some handily set kegs of molasses and kerosene, and a sheet-iron stove.

The post-office boasted a sign, as did the bank and perhaps the hotel. Between places of business might be sandwiched a livery stable or a house and garden gay with flowers.

A two-plank walk bordered the sides, but whether you could cross over from one to the other depended on climatic conditions.

The clatter of hoofs along the street was a familiar sound, either there was a buckboard hitting the high spots with the horses trying to kick over the traces, a saddle-horse giving a display of his bucking prowess, or perhaps a stage-coach and four jolting to a stop. And what a thrilling sight to see a red-coated member of the N.W.M.P. riding by - a superb figure of man and horse, a sight to remember always!

- E.L.S.

Mrs. L. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alta.

OF BYGONE DAYS.

NEVER TO DISMOUNT!

Do you know it was as much as one's life was worth to dismount from a horse in the midst of a bunch of cattle in the early ranching days? Cattle became used to human beings as part of a horse, but separated from his mount they were immediately suspicious and enraged at the freak creature walking on two legs in their midst. They sniffed and snorted. Their bulging eyes became balls of fire. They pawed up the earth with their cloven hoofs and with tails straight up in the air tossed heads and horns, while all the time bellowing and seething they milled in narrowing circles about their benighted victim.

If there was no one to come to his assistance, he was surely lost, caught by the tip of a piercing horn, or struck by a slashing hoof. And the instant the maddened creatures smelt blood, there was panic. The man on foot was trampled into the ground as the bellowing herd stampeded over him.

But the accompanying riders, if there were any, were quick to sense the situation, and instinctively acted on the instant. While no doubt vigorously cussing the cause of the disturbance, with whoop and halloo and lariats flying, they strove to distract the attention of the animals, so as to give the rider a chance to get back onto his horse, or they might even pull him up behind the saddle on their own horse, and instantly all was well again.

- E.L.S.

Mrs. E. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alta.

OF BYGONE DAYS.

POLO IN ALBERTA.

If an airplane had passed over Southern Alberta, of a Sunday some fifty years ago, the airman might have been considerably puzzled by some of the sights he might have seen.

For instance, a line of trim ponies with tails banged and manes roached, and wearing trim white anklets and pancake saddles, tied to a hitching-post beside a little gray church.

It was not a round-up, or lariats would have been more in evidence; and it was not a stampede, or saddles would have been equipped with horns and the horses would have been wearing hackimores instead of snappy bridles and surcingles.

Nevertheless, they had the parson's, the sky pilot of those days, word for it, that if they attended Sunday Church Service, they might afterwards play polo to their heart's content.

So the boys were sports enough to keep their part of the bargain. They took their ponies to church with them, and afterwards repaired to the meadow for a walloping game of polo.

It was no wonder they won championships.

- E.L.S.

Mrs. E. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alta.

OF BYGONE DAYS

HOKEY POKEY.

In every western town in the early days there was always a good supply of tie-posts for the boys who came riding in from the range to hitch their cayeuses to.

But there was also an unwritten law that ruled that no animal should be left at the post beyond a reasonable length of time. If it were - well, it was at the rider's risk. And there could be good uses for 'hokey-pokey', as well as bad!

The effects of hokey-pokey were astounding, and not to be detected until the rider was in the saddle. Then - well, it seemed as if all Hell were let loose! The stuff started to work as the hide warmed up under the saddle-blanket, and after even a slight administration a staid old cowpony could buck and rear and quarter-circle and sunfish, as wickedly as any bronc.

They said it did not hurt a horse any, just tickled him a bit. But it surely taught his rider a lesson he did not forget in a hurry, besides supplying a lot of fun for the onlookers.

- E.L.S.

Mrs. E. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alta.

OF BYGONE DAYS

THE LARIAT ROPE.

He was a fiery little specimen, that Irishman, neat and trim to the last detail, and as pernickity as you please. His lariat was a sacred item of equipment in his chosen profession of rancher and stockman. It hung coiled over the horn of his saddle ready for instant use.

The lariat rope was important, a most necessary adjunct for catching up a horse, for hauling a 'critter' out of a mud-hole, for throwing an animal, for use when branding, or for handling the wildest steer. A lariat must be good, without knots or snarls or joinings, so that one might spin the loop unerringly.

But one's life is of value too. And when a rope with a husky bawling calf on one end and a spirited cayeuse on the other, gets a half-hitch around a feller's neck, well, there is only one thing to be done, and that P. D. Q.!

But, believe it or not, to this day that Irishman bears a grudge against his fellow-rider for slashing his precious lariat, even to save his neck!

- E.L.S.

Mrs. E. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alta.

OF BYGONE DAYS

THERE'S SILVER IN THE SOUTH FORK.

Somewhere in the river-bed of the South Fork of the Old Man's River there is an iron-bound chest of silver, containing among other items, a baby spoon, engraved with certain initials.

Pending the arrival of their baby the parents were moving from their ranch into the nearest town to be near the doctor, taking with them, of course, what treasures they could.

It was the time of high water in the rivers, but there were no bridges, and so no alternative but to ford.

In they plunged. They were nearly across, when the wheels collided with a rolling boulder. The rig was overturned and everything was swept into the rushing swirling waters.

The horses were drowned, and the human beings nearly met a similar fate. And alas, the baby never needed the spoon, as it did not survive the effects of that tragic mishap.

To this day the silver has never been recovered. One wonders if it ever will be!

- E.L.S.

Mrs. E. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alta.

OF BYGONE DAYS

"THE CARRIAGE IS AT THE DOOR!"

In the early days there was an odd carriage - an honest-to-goodness carriage, or so, in the country, a few democrats with two or even three seats, buckboards galore, - but most ranches possessed wagons, if nothing else.

As a rule, it was travel by wagon or stay at home. But did you ever travel in a 'dead-ax' wagon? The wheels, ironshod and of solid weight, seemed especially designed to hit every rock in the trail and there were plenty of them, and the distances were long. Every muscle in one's poor body would ache for a week after from the jolting and the sheer effort of holding on. As for conversation to while away the time, there was absolutely no possibility - it was impossible to hear and the risk was too great of biting off one's tongue.

So, don't you agree with me that it was adding insult to injury, when Mrs. B's nieces who had come from the Old Land to pay her a visit, would call out, "Auntie, the carriage is at the door!" - and there it was nothing but the wagon!

- E.L.S.

Mrs. E. Lynch-Staunton,

Pincher Creek, Alta.

OF BYGONE DAYS

BARBED WIRE FENCES.

Along about 1900 an Irish lady who had pioneered in almost every part of the globe before she came to Alberta, was heard to remark: "Between barbed wire fences and babies, the country is ruined!"

Of course no one who has never experienced it can realize the joy of riding the open range - with the dome of the blue sky above him and open country extending on every side. One could pick his way as fancy led, and early trails naturally followed the easiest and safest course, if not always the shortest, for they were notoriously given to meandering. It is true that one might become ~~homelessly~~ lost, (but what an adventure even that might be,) and at least you would not get hopelessly mixed up in a maze of wire entanglements, and that greatest atrocity of all, wire gates; and in case of storm or mishap one could usually trust to the instinct of his horse to take him to his home-corrals.

As for babies , they also came to be accepted with grace and gratitude.

-E.L.S.